

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, March 1, 1899, by Frank Tousey.

No. 143.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 18, 1901.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BRADYS AS REPORTERS;

OR, WORKING FOR A NEWSPAPER.

By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.



It was a powerful drug. The Bradys inhaled it. The next moment they fell senseless to the floor.
"Drag them in here!" hissed the Jap. Potts and Garoon obeyed.

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OR,

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CHAPTER I.

THE FACTS OF THE CASE.

"Yes, Old King Brady," said the editor of the New York Globe, "you and your boy-partner, Harry Brady, are engaged now to work as reporters in the interests of this newspaper."

"How much will you pay us?" demanded the old Secret Service detective. "You sent to our chief and asked him for our services, to do some important journalistic work for you. Consequently, we shall expect a pretty fair compensation for it."

"You shall each receive a good-sized sum," replied the editor, slowly, as he glanced around his handsome office in the Park Row skyscraper, and then opened a book of assignments. "We usually pay our regular staff fifteen dollars per column, on ordinary work. Some of them get salaries of from ten to one hundred dollars a week, and our special writers are paid according to our estimate of the value of their articles. We have decided, however, to pay each one of you five thousand dollars apiece and all expenses if you make a success of the assignment I am going to give you."

The two detectives were startled and amazed at this.

They knew that the great metropolitan dailies often paid enormous sums of money to obtain difficult news items, but never expected their services were going to command such a large amount.

For a few moments there was a deep silence in the office, during which the Bradys were glancing at each other with astonished expressions.

The editor watched them keenly.

In Old King Brady he saw an eccentric man of large proportions, with short white hair, clean shaven, strong features, keen gray eyes, and a fearless, determined and cunning character.

The veteran detective wore a large white felt hat, his threadbare old blue frock coat was tightly buttoned up to his neck, which was encased in an old-fashioned upright collar and black stock.

Young King Brady, the veteran's pupil and partner, was a stylishly attired youth, still under age, with a handsome face, flashing, spirited eyes, and a disposition of courage, perseverance and energy.

The editor knew they were the most famous and skillful officers on the force, and he was also aware that every crook in Gotham feared them. When they had somewhat recovered from the shock of surprise the editor had given them, Harry remarked, in strong, manly tones:

"I fear you overrate our value to your newspaper, sir."

"Not at all," carelessly replied the editor. "On the contrary, I was afraid you might not be satisfied with the terms I offered you."

"Well," laughed the boy, "ever since the time I became ambitious to be a detective and Old King Brady took enough interest in me to teach me the points in his profession, no one has offered us so large a sum of money for our services

before. May I ask how you expect us to earn the money you have just offered?"

"I am coming to that," quietly replied the editor. "We simply wish to assign you upon one case and sift it to the dregs. It is a case which hitherto has baffled all the most skillful efforts of our star reporters. If you can do anything with the matter, all we require of you shall be as many articles for the paper as the facts warrant. We don't care if it is only one article, or fifty."

"What! You will pay \$10,000 for one newspaper article from us upon a subject which you will assign to us?"

"Exactly," assented the editor. "Will you accept our offer?"

"That depends entirely upon what it is," answered Harry.

"I will explain the case, and you will then know what we expect of you, gentlemen. You are all in the dark on the point now. But when you hear what I've got to say, the difficulty of the case may scare you into refusing the job."

"Proceed with the details. When we hear your plan we will frankly tell you at the start whether we can do the work or not."

"Very well. That is a sensible view to take of the matter," said the editor, tugging thoughtfully at his gray beard. "Now, listen. These are the facts in the case. At 9.25 P. M. on the 4th of September, the No. 3 Boston Express train, in charge of conductor John Potts and Engineer Thomas Armstrong, pulled into the Park Avenue tunnel. It was made up of a freight car, an express car, one passenger day coach, and the engine and tender. The express car was the trailer, or last car of the train, and Express Messenger Ned Ripley was locked up inside the car, in care of a large amount of express packages and a big safe. Within the safe was a sealed package containing twenty-five thousand dollars in bank notes. It was sent from Boston, by the Fifth National Bank, and was consigned to the Produce Exchange Bank of New York."

"Well?" said Harry, as the editor paused.

"When the train reached Seventy-fifth street, Conductor Potts observed three of the male passengers rise from their seats and walk toward the rear end of the car. They were well dressed fellows, and had been seated in separate seats all the way down from Boston. It therefore looked peculiar to see the three rise and go out the back door, one after the other, and disappear on the rear platform. In fact, Potts was so curious about the matter that he followed them out to the platform. When he arrived there he was astonished to see that they had all disappeared. At first he imagined they had leaped from the train. But just as he came to this conclusion he caught a view of them crawling over the roof of the freight car. Potts followed them, wondering what they were acting so strangely for. One of the men saw him and, returning, struck the conductor in the face. Potts was knocked down, and, rolling to the edge of the car, he fell over and would have plunged down to the roadbed had he not flung out his hands and grasped the edge of the roof. It checked his fall, and there he hung suspended at the side of the car, threatened every moment to be hurled from his peril-

ous position. It was a terrible ride, with the smoke and gas from the locomotive pouring back in his face, the thunderous roar of the flying train ringing in his ears, and the shaking of the car apt to dislodge him."

"Then what happened?" asked the boy.

"From where Potts hung, he had a dim view of the three men. They had gone down on the bumpers between the freight and the express cars. He saw them get a firm footing on the latter, and while two of them manned the brake, the other pulled out the coupling-pin. As soon as this was done the brake was put on, and the train, dashing ahead, left the express car behind it rapidly. Within a few minutes the express car, slackening speed, was swallowed up in the gloom. Poor old Potts clung to the roof until the train reached the yard of the Grand Central depot, and then alighted. He was filled with alarm. If the express car were left standing on the track in the tunnel, the following train might collide with it, causing a terrible loss of life. The half-frantic conductor hastily notified the yard superintendent, a signal was telegraphed back to hold up the following train, and when Potts was assured that there was no danger he left the passenger and freight car on a siding, boarded his engine, and had the engineer run it back in the tunnel to pick up the express car."

"Quite an exciting adventure," Harry commented.

"The worst is now to come," replied the editor. "The locomotive backed into the tunnel as far as Fiftieth street before the missing car was seen. With a lantern the conductor alighted and walked up to the car. To his surprise, he then saw that one of the side doors was smashed open. A quick examination convinced him that it had been blown open with dynamite. Potts became alarmed. He climbed into the car and gazed around. All the express packages were intact. But the safe had been blown open. The parcel containing the \$25,000 was gone. Ned Ripley, the express messenger, lay on the floor upon his back in the middle of the car, with a bullet in his brain. He had been murdered."

"A serious tragedy," said Old King Brady, taking a chew of tobacco.

"The express car was coupled to the engine," continued the editor, "and it was pulled ahead to the depot. The railroad authorities enjoined the strictest secrecy upon its employees about the matter, and the police and the express company and the bank officials were notified. It was clearly proven that the three passengers Potts had seen leaving the passenger car were bandits. It was shown that they uncoupled the express car to rob it. Ripley evidently was killed while defending the safe, and the robbers gained the booty only by killing the poor fellow."

"That is quite evident," remarked the boy.

"Every effort was then made to find out who the thieving murderers were. But the police failed, the railroad detectives failed, and to-day the case is no nearer a solution than it was when the crime occurred. All the newspapers have tried to secure a 'news beat' by having their men solve the mystery, but have not succeeded. As we are determined to learn the true facts and run down the criminals, we have

sent for you, offered you a good sum to do the work for us, and installed you on our staff in order to say that the criminals were brought to justice by this newspaper's reporters. And now that you have got the points, I wish to know if you will undertake the case or not?"

The Bradys glanced at each other and nodded.

"We will," replied Old King Brady. "Such work is in line with our regular duty, and the only difference there would be in our doing it is that we would have to give you the facts for publication as soon as we accomplish anything definite. It is going to be a difficult job, but we are not afraid to attempt it."

"Then you can consider yourselves engaged henceforth as our reporters."

CHAPTER II.

A GUILTY MAN.

On the following morning at nine o'clock the Bradys walked into the office of the yard superintendent of the New York Central road and sent in their newly-printed card, requesting an audience.

The superintendent sent for them, and they found him at his desk.

"More reporters, eh?" he laughed, glancing at their card.

"We are representatives of the New York Globe," replied Old King Brady, bowing, "and our business is very important, sir."

"Well, what can I do for you to-day?"

"Our business relates to the murder and robbery of the——"

"You want to see Conductor Potts about that."

"Where is he?"

"I'll send for him."

He pushed an electric button, an office boy responded, and he sent the little fellow after the conductor.

When Potts arrived, the Bradys scrutinized him sharply while the superintendent was telling him what they wanted.

He was a small, thin man, in uniform and cap, and his narrow face was wrinkled; he wore a mustache and chin whisker, and there was a striking redness about his big hooked nose.

An impatient look crossed his face when he learned that the two men were reporters, and he turned and asked them in ugly tones:

"Why do you newspaper fellows keep pestering us all the time, I'd like to know? Confound it, I've done nothing for the last four days but answer all kinds of ridiculous questions, and half the time the reporters print packs of lies about what I said. I am so disgusted with the whole affair that I have a great notion to tell you nothing more about it."

"That would be a foolish thing for you to do," answered Harry, with some asperity. "If you will give us the plain, untarnished facts, we will give a correct report. It's

much better to have the facts unperturbed than it is to leave it to a reporter's imagination to supply such points as you may choose to withhold."

The superintendent became alarmed at this hint.

It was his business to see that his men were truthful and courteous to everyone, and he turned almost savagely upon Potts.

"See here!" he exclaimed, harshly, "you give these gentlemen all the facts they ask for without reservation. Don't you try to put on airs about what you'll do or what you won't do, Potts, or I'll make it deuced unpleasant for you. It's the policy of this road to keep the good-will of the press, for by so doing we are sure of getting correctly reported in any matters concerning our lines."

The conductor looked abashed at this stern rebuke.

His yellow face turned pale, and he began to get nervous.

But there was a torrent of fury raging in his mind when he saw the detectives smiling derisively over the reprimand he got.

"I didn't mean any offense against our rules," he mumbled, in humble tones. "Let them ask what they please and I'll try to answer them to the best of my ability."

"Very well," said Harry, in cynical tones. "In the first place, you are the only one of the train crew who saw those three men leave the passenger coach to go to the rear to rob the express car, aren't you?"

"Yes," was the sulky reply.

"Where do you live?"

"Me?" asked Potts in surprise. "What has that got to do with the case?"

"Never mind our reason," replied Harry, sharply. "We have got a very good reason for everything I am going to say to you. If you fail to reply, or give me false answers, it won't be well for you."

"Tell him, or I will!" exclaimed the superintendent, angrily.

"I live in No. — East Forty-third street," said Potts, grimly.

"Have you a family?"

"Now, what in thunder have my private affairs to do with——?"

"Answer me," interrupted Harry, taking out his notebook and pencil.

"Yes; I've got a wife, but no children."

"How long have you been a conductor on this road?"

"Three months."

"What was your business before you came to work for this company?"

"Now, see here——" protested Potts, in exasperated tones.

A grim smile crossed Young King Brady's face, and he bent over to the conductor, and whispered in his ear:

"Weren't you a prisoner in Moyomensing prison, serving a two years' sentence on a charge of distilling moonshine whiskey?"

A yell escaped Potts, and he leaped back, turning as pale as death.

He fixed a glaring look of his bulging eyes on the young detective, while he quivered all over from suppressed excitement.

That burning, searching glance of his verified a suspicion which had been preying on his mind from the first moment he saw the two reporters, and he gasped:

"Ain't you the Bradys?"

"We are," replied Harry. "We are the men who captured you and some other members of a gang who were manufacturing illicit whiskey and had you sent up for the stretch I have mentioned."

All this was said in such low tones that the superintendent failed to hear a word of it, and the wretched conductor, with an imploring look upon his face, whispered in hoarse, shaky tones:

"For heaven's sake, don't give me away, Brady."

"That depends upon how you act," coolly answered the boy.

"I'll answer all your questions truthfully."

"See that you do," said Harry, giving his partner a significant glance. "Now, tell me," he added, aloud, "what sort of looking men the three were whom you suspect of having robbed and murdered Ned Ripley."

"I did not get a good view of any of their faces," the conductor replied, with a shifting, uneasy look about his eye.

At this juncture the superintendent was called from the office.

"In other words," sneered the boy, "you don't care to tell us how the rascals looked, for fear we might know who they were and arrest them. Ain't that what is troubling you, Potts?"

"No, indeed," protested the conductor, vainly trying to conceal an expression of alarm that swept over his face. "I didn't know the crooks. If I did, I would gladly tell you who they were."

"And implicate yourself, eh? Oh, I guess not!"

"See here, Brady, do you mean to insinuate that I was concerned in that robbery and murder?" asked Potts, indignantly.

"We have our suspicions on that point. However, we won't discuss that now. If you were mixed up in the plot, and we find it out, you'll go to Sing Sing as sure as fate."

"I've been crooked in my day," growled the conductor, "but my last term in prison cured me of it effectually. I don't want any more of it. For that reason I reformed and got my present job. I've been leading an honest, respectable life, I can tell you, and I don't want you to make me lose my position by telling these people what I've been in the past. They'd discharge me the moment they found it out. With no employment and no money, I'd be tempted to go back to my old crooked way of living, and that I do not want to do."

"Your argument is a good one, and we won't get you in trouble if we find you have been sincere," said Harry. "On the other hand, should it transpire that you are using your decent job here as a cloak for any nefarious work, we will have no mercy on you, Potts."

"I am satisfied," answered the conductor.

"If you didn't see those robbers' faces, you saw their figures. Now tell me exactly how they looked, to the minutest detail."

The conductor nodded and gave them the desired information, but when he finished Harry exclaimed, in tones of disgust.

"Those descriptions would fit anyone we might meet in the street. There is absolutely no distinguishing point in anything you have told us so far. Consequently what you have said is utterly useless to us to run down those crooks. You had better show us the scene of the tragedy."

"Follow me down to the yard, then," assented Potts. "The cars are all there yet, and you can see for yourself how the job was done."

They left the office together and went down-stairs.

Out in the yard stood the train the detectives wished to see, and they quickly observed how the cars had been coupled together.

Then they boarded the damaged express car.

All the express packages had been removed, of course, and the body of Ned Ripley had been claimed and buried by his family.

But the safe stood there, with its great doors torn to pieces, and the detectives examined it, and then examined the rest of the car. When they finished their inspection, Old King Brady remarked:

"That job was done by professionals. I should say it was a safe burglar who used the dynamite. Everything indicates that the bungling hands of a novice never touched this job."

"Suppose we go up into the tunnel and inspect the scene of the burglary," suggested Harry. "We would be pretty sure to find there some clew to the villains who committed the deed."

"Very well," assented the old detective, giving him a knowing look. "Potts, we are through with you. You can go."

The conductor gave a sigh of relief and hurried away.

When he was out of earshot, Old King Brady hissed:

"Disguise yourself and follow him, Harry. I suspect him of being implicated in this job. While you are attending to his case, I will go into the tunnel and see if I can learn anything there. If possible, meet me at headquarters at three o'clock this afternoon, so we can compare notes."

CHAPTER III.

SHADOWING A SUSPECT.

The Bradys were furnished with every facility for properly conducting their business, and Harry, therefore, was prepared.

Hidden in the express car, he swiftly changed his appearance by adjusting a wig and a beard, after which he stripped

off his stylish clothing and stood clad in an old ragged suit and a dilapidated felt hat. It was a quick and wonderful transformation.

"Make a bundle of my things and take care of them for me," said he.

The next moment he had swung himself to the ground, and, peering under the car, he saw Potts heading for the depot.

Harry caught a view of the conductor looking back several times, as if to note whether he was being followed or not.

Dodging from one car to another, the boy swiftly followed him, and soon saw Potts going through the depot toward the street.

"What can he be hastening away from here for?" thought the boy. "He must be going to some place of importance, in view of the fact that what he just passed through is what caused him to leave here in such a hurry."

When Potts reached the street, Harry was close behind him, and although the conductor once glanced casually at him, he did not seem to recognize the young detective.

The conductor boarded a Forty-second street car going east, and the boy engaged a cab and followed the car to Third avenue.

With a transfer in his hand, Potts alighted and boarded a Third avenue car going down-town.

Harry's cab pursued the car.

It was easy for the boy to distinguish the conductor from the rest of the passengers by the blue uniform and brass buttons he wore.

Straight down as far as Houston street rode Potts, and when he alighted, Harry left the cab he was in and pursued him on foot.

He finally turned into the Italian district in Elizabeth street and darted into a narrow alley next to a grocery store.

When Harry reached the alley and peered in, the man had disappeared.

There was a little wooden house at the rear of the yard, and a maze of pulley-lines between the two buildings was filled with washed clothes.

Most of the windows were open, and Italian women were leaning out and jabbering to each other; dirty, ragged children were playing on the fire escapes and in the yard; a boy was drawing a pail of water from a hydrant, and an old man was sitting at the head of the cellar stairs, chopping kindling wood.

"What in the world could have brought Potts to this place?" thought Harry, in perplexity. "Did he go into that rear house or did he pass into the front building by the rear entrance?"

While he stood debating this question in his mind, the hall door beside the grocery suddenly opened and Potts peered out.

He saw Harry and gave a slight start, recoiled, and acted as if he were going to withdraw into the hall and shut the door.

Instantly the truth of the situation flashed over the boy's mind.

"He came down here for a blind, to throw any possible pursuer off his track," thought the young detective. "I see through his game. He is a cunning rascal. It's clear that he went up the alley and, entering the tenement by the rear door, came back to the front. He figured that a pursuer would naturally go up the alley, and that while the pursuer was thus lured out of the way he could come out the hall door and escape."

Potts glared at Harry suspiciously a moment.

He recollected having seen the boy a short time previously up in Forty-second street, outside the railroad depot.

But he did not say a word.

Leaving the hallway with a careless air, he strode down the street and turned around the corner, without looking back once.

Dashing back to his cab, Harry gave the driver instructions, jumped in, drew down the shade, and was driven away.

The vehicle turned into Prince street, and the boy drew the shade aside, peered out, and caught a view of his man swiftly walking toward Broadway.

In a few moments the cab passed him.

Looking out the rear window, Harry saw Potts dart into a hallway, crouch back, and peer out at everybody who passed by.

A smile broke over the boy's face, and he muttered:

"He's watching for me to come along. He's very foxy, for he probably remembered seeing me at the depot, and it aroused his suspicions to see me at the alleyway into which he had gone. But I'll fool him, anyway. He can't get the best of me at this game. He evidently feared pursuit from the moment he left the railroad yard. Why should he be so careful to hide his movements if he were going to some place which he didn't fear to have us see? It's very evident that he is up to some crooked trick or another, and I'm bound to find out what it is."

While thinking, the boy stripped off his ragged costume and appeared in a fine black frock coat, loose striped trousers, and drew a folded Alpine hat from his pocket and put it on.

A small brown false mustache was next stuck to his lips, a pair of new gloves were put on, and pulling off a breast covering of red flannel, he disclosed a white shirt and collar and a black scarf.

The change in his appearance was startling.

Harry's cab turned into Crosby street and he alighted.

The driver stared at him in amazement, but perceiving that he was a detective, he made no comment whatever.

Standing on a corner, Harry watched Potts keenly.

The conductor remained in the hallway for half an hour, watching everyone going by, and finally arriving at the conclusion that no one was following him, he stepped out into the street and hurried westward again.

Upon reaching Broadway, he boarded a car going up-town, and remained on the rear platform to watch if anyone pursued him.

Harry followed in the cab, unnoticed.

When the car arrived at Herald Square, the conductor alighted and walked rapidly through Thirty-fourth street toward Fifth avenue.

The cab in which Harry rode turned the corner just in time for the boy to see Potts pause before the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

He suddenly passed into the immense hostelry.

Up to the hotel dashed Harry's cab, and, driving into the *porte cochere*, it paused; the boy leaped out, and he passed into the office with the careless, languid air of an habitué of the place.

Potts was at the desk, and as Harry sauntered up he heard the conductor ask the clerk in eager tones:

"Is Prince Ito Shimosa in?"

"The Japanese Ambassador?" queried the clerk, looking at Potts' uniform disdainfully.

"Yes, yes. I wish to see him," said Potts.

"For what?"

"On important business."

"I'll send your card up to him."

"Haven't got one," said Potts, in embarrassed tones.

"Write your name on this blank pasteboard."

The conductor did as he was asked, and the clerk called a boy, gave him the card, and ordered him to carry it to room 1407.

He then pointed at a chair and said to Potts:

"Sit down. He will return soon."

The conductor complied, and Harry strolled over to the desk, registered, and asked the clerk in low tones:

"Can you give me either No. 1405 or No. 1409?"

"You can have 1409, sir," politely answered the clerk, in strong contrast with the contemptuous manner in which he spoke to Potts.

"Very well," said Harry. "I'll send for my trunk this afternoon."

The clerk nodded and smiled intelligently, and rang a bell.

"Show this gentleman up to 1409," said he to the hall-boy.

Potts glanced at the elegantly-clad young man, as the boy led him to the elevator, without suspecting his identity.

Having been ushered into a very handsome bed-room, the young detective closed the door and glanced around.

There were two windows looking out upon the street.

In one of the walls was a door communicating with room No. 1407, occupied by the man Potts called to see.

Hearing the hum of voices in the room, Harry tiptoed over to the door and pressed his ear to the keyhole.

He now plainly heard a man say:

"Send Mr. Potts up here immediately."

"Yes, sir," answered a boyish voice.

Then the hall door opened and closed.

After a brief interval of silence Harry heard the man ask:

"What could have happened to bring Potts here, Arthur?"

"Danger, I fear," responded another man.

"I hope not. However, we are prepared for any emergency."

"Do you think anything has been discovered?"

"It's hard to say. Maybe our fears are groundless, after all. The conductor will be here in a few moments. Have patience."

A look of surprise at these words swept over the listening detective's face, and he muttered:

"What does that portend?"

Just then there came a knock at the door of the next room.

"Come in!" sang out one of the men.

The door opened, and Harry heard Potts exclaim, excitedly:

"Hello, Ito. I've got some bad news for you. The Bradys—a pair of Secret Service agents—are on your trail!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAN IN THE TUNNEL.

After Harry had gone off in pursuit of John Potts, the old detective made his way along the tunnel until he reached the vicinity of Fiftieth street, when he came across evidence he was looking for.

It consisted of a quantity of splintered wood lying on the ground of the central roadbed, from the door of the express-car, which the robbers had blown off with dynamite.

He rightly concluded that the occurrence had taken place in the central tunnel, for one particular reason.

It was that in the two side tunnels the robbers would scarcely have had room enough to operate in the manner they did, owing to the fact that a locomotive nearly filled those passages.

The brick wall showed marks of the explosion, and as the spot was beneath one of the ventilating openings, he had plenty of light.

Everything in the tunnel was begrimed with smoke, soot and grease from the bearings of the passing cars.

The old detective now began a careful search.

Up and down the tracks he went, diligently searching the cinder-covered sleepers and the rubble between the tracks.

When he reached the spot where he judged the express car to have passed, his glance fell upon a small, yellowish-white object lying in an interstice between the broken stone.

It was a small ivory box.

He stooped and picked it up.

"What is this?" he wondered. "'Who dropped it here?'"

Glancing at it keenly, he now observed that it was beautifully carved with Japanese figures and fine filigree work.

"Evidently of Japanese design and workmanship," Old King Brady cogitated; then he lifted the lid and saw that it was filled with small wax matches.

"It may be a clew worth keeping," he reflected, and he put it in his pocket and resumed his search.

While so employed, he suddenly caught a view of the distant, shadowy figure of a man climbing over the top of the wall on the west side, through one of the semi-circular arched openings.

The old detective hastily climbed into a similar light shaft, and from the top of the wall he peeped around at the stranger.

By that time the man was in the central tunnel and was coming toward him with a hesitating manner.

He seemed to be watching the roadbed.

When he reached a spot near the detective, he paused, went down on his hands and knees, and began to search the ground closer.

The man was tall, slender, and clad in fashionable garments.

He had a handsome face, dark eyes, and a black mustache. Old King Brady glanced at him in amazement.

Leaping down from his perch and startling the man, who bounded to his feet, the old detective confronting him, asked curiously:

"What in the world are you hunting for, sir?"

"Are you going to drive me out of here?" demanded the man.

"No. I don't own this railroad. I am a detective called Old King Brady."

"Oh, you have no authority here, eh?"

"None at all."

"I thought you were one of the bosses."

"You didn't answer my question," said Old King Brady.

"Well, I don't mind telling you what I am looking for," said the man. "It's a little ivory match safe. I lost it in here."

"How did you happen to lose it?"

"I accidentally dropped it out of the window of a passing car I was in, and I alighted at the depot and came back to find it."

"When did you lose it, may I ask?"

"About an hour ago."

"Is this it?"

And Old King Brady held it up.

An eager cry escaped the stranger, and he made a snatch for the box, missed it, and Old King Brady put it in his pocket.

"Yes," the man panted. "That's my match safe. Give it to me."

"Tut-tut! Don't be in such a hurry, my good fellow."

"But it's mine!" exclaimed the man, eagerly.

"Never mind about that. I shall keep it for the present."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. I want my property, sir!"

"Well, you won't get it!"

The man grew pale with rage and anxiety.

Striding up to Old King Brady, he doubled up his fist, hauled off, and aimed a heavy blow at the old detective's face.

"Take that, then?" he exclaimed, passionately.

But the old detective caught the blow upon the forearm,

and crossing over his right, he let the man have a punch on the point of the chin, which knocked him flat on his back.

"I hope that will teach you to behave with moderation," he exclaimed. "I'm as good a fighter as you are, my friend!"

The stranger staggered to his feet.

Drawing a revolver from his hip-pocket, he roared, furiously:

"I am going to kill you for that insulting blow."

"Are you?" asked Old King Brady, in icy tones.

And before the man had time to raise his revolver, the old detective had him covered with a pistol, and added:

"The first man to get the drop on his enemy holds the trump card."

The stranger saw that he was cornered, his hands fell to his side, and he shouted in quick, nervous tones:

"Hold on! Don't fire. Would you kill a defenceless man?"

"No quicker than you would," was the cool reply.

"I'll surrender."

"Drop your gun, then."

The man obeyed.

When he was disarmed, the old detective looked him over carefully from head to foot, and finally exclaimed:

"I guess I've got you pat enough now!"

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Make you answer a few questions."

"Proceed with them."

"Tell me your name."

"Arthur Gordon."

"What is your business?"

"Stock broker."

"Where do you reside?"

"At the Waldorf."

"How did you happen to lose this box?"

"I had been up to Mount Vernon, and was on my way back to New York in the smoker of a train. I lit a cigar, and when throwing the match out the window I let the match-box fly with it."

"That sounds plausible enough," said Old King Brady, "but there is a very peculiar discrepancy in your story."

"How so?" demanded Gordon, bristling up.

"Well, I want to know how it is that you knew just where to come to in order to find the box. Recollect, when a train is rushing along through this dark tunnel one has but scant time to locate one particular spot unless there is some visible distinguishing object to act as a guide. Yet, notwithstanding the fact that there is nothing hereabouts to indicate where you lost the box, you seemed to know exactly where to come to look for it."

For a moment Arthur Gordon looked bewildered.

He didn't know exactly what reply to make, for he realized the force of the old detective's reasoning.

Finally, however, an idea flashed across his mind, and he said in slow, measured tones:

"At the time I lost the box, I asked the porter on the train where we were, and he told me he thought we might be some-

where near Fiftieth street. Accordingly I returned to about Fiftieth street, and began my search, as you are well aware."

"Quite a clever answer," commented Old King Brady. "But as I attach great importance to the finding of that match safe in this particular spot, you'll have to be identified ere I give it up."

"That's easily done. Come to my hotel and you will see."

"I'll go with you!" exclaimed the detective.

They returned to Forty-second street together, walked down Park avenue to Thirty-fourth street, and reached the big hotel.

Here the clerk identified Arthur Gordon for Old King Brady, and the man again demanded the match safe.

Old King Brady was reluctant to give it up, and he said:

"Well, you leave it with me for a few hours, and I will then return it to you, Mr. Gordon."

"But——" began the man, resentfully.

"Don't waste any time expostulating," interposed Old King Brady, raising his hand. "It won't do you any good."

"When can I expect you here with it, sir?"

"At twelve to-morrow."

"Very well, sir. I'll have to be satisfied with this arrangement, I suppose. I can't be helped. Good-day."

And he went up-stairs.

Old King Brady was acquainted with the hotel detective, and meeting him in the corridor, he paused to have a chat with him.

In the midst of it he was startled to see Harry come in after John Potts, for he readily recognized the boy despite his disguise.

From an obscure corner the old detective witnessed all that transpired in the hotel office, and when Harry went up-stairs in the elevator, the old detective was close behind him.

CHAPTER V.

AN OPEN CONFESSION.

As soon as Young King Brady heard the remark uttered by John Potts, he realized that the men in the next room were the persons who robbed the express car.

There could be no question about the matter.

Potts knew that the Bradys were after the railroad robbers, and knowing all about the deed, and being in league with the criminals, he had come to warn them of their danger.

There was a momentary silence in the room after the conductor had spoken, and then the Japanese called Ito exclaimed gruffly:

"What do you mean by that, Potts?"

"I mean just this," replied the conductor, emphatically. "The Bradys recognize me as an old enemy. They suspect I know all about the robbery and murder. In fact, they believe that I was implicated in the crime to steal that \$25,000. So sure are they that they are shadowing me. I feared that

they would learn all the true facts in the case, and discover you and Arthur Gordon in this hotel. In order to save you from arrest, I have run the risk of coming here to warn you. My advice is for both of you to get out of New York just as quick as you can. If you remain here, those demon detectives will unearth you. They can do anything they set out to do, and nothing will stop them. No matter how smart you may be, they will run you down in the end."

"You seem to fear those men."

"I've had experience with them before."

"Won't the fact of our posing here as the Japanese Ambassador and Gordon as a broker be safeguard enough for us?"

"No!" said the man called Gordon.

"Why won't it?" demanded the Japanese in tones of surprise, addressing the last speaker.

"I was just going to tell you of an adventure I had with one of the Bradys," answered Gordon. "You know you lost your ivory match box in the tunnel on the night you and I and Jim Higby tackled the express car."

"Yes," assented Ito.

"And you asked me to find it, fearing that it might fall into the hands of the police and serve as a clew to your identity when the authorities began to hunt down the robbers?"

"I did."

"Well, I just came from the tunnel. While there I saw Old King Brady hunting for clews. He found the match-box and I tried to get it away from him. He refused to give it up until to-morrow. To prove my identity I led him here. He is going to come back to-morrow and give up the box."

"It's too bad he got hold of it."

"Just my opinion."

"It may lead to my arrest."

"Then we had better follow Potts' advice, Ito."

"By all means. We will clear out of here to-day."

"If that's the case," said the conductor, "I want you to give me my share of the swag now, Ito, for I am entitled to five thousand dollars of it for telling you the money was coming on from Boston and showing you how you could get it."

"Very well," assented the Japanese. "You may have to get out of New York, too, and you can't do it unless you have got money. I have divided the \$25,000 into four parts; Potts, you, Arthur and Jim each get five thousand dollars apiece, and I get ten thousand as my share."

"That was the agreement," said Potts.

"Well, here is your share."

"Good enough. The possession of this money makes me feel as if I could take care of myself now in case of trouble."

"Our gang must split up."

"What's the plan?"

"Each one must go in a different direction."

"How?"

"You remain in the east."

"Well?"

"I'll go west."

"And Arthur?"

"He goes north."

"Then Higby goes south, eh?"

"Exactly."

"That's a good way to baffle the detectives."

"My object is simple to understand."

"Name it."

"The detectives will have to chase but one of us at a time unless they part company and each one follows a man."

"True enough."

"Should one of us get caught, the others are bound to hear the news and get under cover as rapidly as possible."

"That's so."

"This is the end of our band. We can no longer hold together with any degree of safety. That's apparent."

"I regret it," said Potts, "but it's true."

"Each man must henceforth shift for himself."

"We can do that."

"It reduces the danger to a minimum. I've only got a few words to say to you fellows in conclusion."

"What are they?"

"Remember your oath to refrain from betraying each other."

"Mine will be kept," said Potts.

"And so shall mine," Gordon added.

"I believe you," exclaimed Ito. "While we were banded together you both proved your fidelity and allegiance. Now that danger threatens and we must trust each other apart, see if we can't be true to our vows of brotherhood."

"I have but one thing more to say," exclaimed Potts.

"And what is that?" queried the Japanese.

"I refer to the murder of Ned Ripley."

"Oh, yes. That was a mysterious crime."

"We are bound to be blamed for it, too."

"I know it," replied Ito. "But we didn't kill the man."

"That's a fact. I saw the entire robbery as you three committed it," said Potts. "I saw you blow open the car, and I saw Jim hold up Ripley with his revolver while you and Arthur blew open the safe, although I told the detectives a yarn about riding on the roof of the freight car, hanging by my hands, and I know that none of us shot the messenger. We simply got his money, and you knocked him senseless. But when I came back with the locomotive I found him shot through the brain. We will be accused of the murder because it was done some time after we robbed the man and fled."

Harry was astonished to hear this.

Every one thought the robbers had killed Ripley.

But what Potts said showed conclusively that the four robbers had merely stolen the money.

They were not guilty of the crime of murder.

Circumstantial evidence tended to throw suspicion on them for the atrocious deed, and it would have been hard to convince anybody that they did not do it.

But what Potts said made the young detective begin to believe that the robbers were innocent of the graver crime.

Then who did kill Ned Ripley?

It was a strange mystery which would have to be solved.

Harry thought that Potts would not have disclaimed the crime for the gang without a good reason for so doing.

He had nothing to gain now by saying they had not killed the express messenger, as he did not know that the detective was listening to all they were saying.

That very fact lent force to his assertion of innocence of the murder charge, and set the boy to thinking.

Evidently the four thieves believed they would be accused of the murder which they did not commit.

And they realized that the circumstantial evidence against them was strong enough to convict every one of them.

Moreover, they did not seem to know who it was that killed Ripley after they finished robbing the safe.

It was a deep mystery of the tunnel.

The identity of the fifth person who fired the fatal shot was not known, and the theory of suicide was out of the question.

While these ideas were flashing through the boy's mind he heard Potts say to his companions:

"Well, I'm going. Good-by, friends."

"And I'll await you at the door, and arrest you the moment you step out of that room," muttered Harry.

He strode out into the hall.

There he suddenly came face to face with his partner.

Old King Brady was listening at Ito's door, and made a quick gesture to the boy, enjoining silence.

"I've heard all!" he whispered. "Now we'll arrest them."

Just then the door opened and Potts emerged and saw them.

He gave a cry of affright and recoiled.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MURDERED MAN'S MOTHER.

"Ito! Ito! Here are the Bradys at your door!" gasped Potts.

The detectives were rushing toward him when the door flew wide open, giving them a clear view of the Jap's bedroom.

Arthur Gordon, whom Old King Brady had met, was in the apartment, his face blanched, and his eyes bulging.

Seizing a peculiar looking Japanese atomizer from the top of the bureau, Ito dashed toward the door.

He was a gigantic Japanese, attired in American clothes, his coarse black hair was cut short, and his yellow face was contorted.

The man looked like a demon.

He was a person of terrible passions.

As the detectives reached out to seize the conductor, Ito suddenly shot a spray of volatile liquid in their faces.

It was a powerful drug.

The Bradys inhaled it.

The next moment they fell senseless to the floor.

"Drag them in here!" hissed the Jap.

Potts and Gordon obeyed.

"Now go!" roared Ito excitedly.

The three dashed from the room, banged the door shut, fled to the elevator, went down to the ground floor, and left the hotel.

It was over an hour later before the Bradys recovered.

A glance around the deserted apartment told them the story, and Old King Brady cast a despairing glance at Harry and said:

"They've escaped us."

"We are baffled," returned Harry.

"How long have we lain here?"

"Over an hour," replied the boy, glancing at his watch.

"Ample time for them to get safely hidden from us."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"First, search this room to see if they've left any clues behind."

"And then?"

"Hunt them down. It's useless to try to trail them to-day, though."

"I feel too sick to do anything like that."

They carefully examined everything in the apartment.

Several trunks met their view, but all were empty, and the sum total of Ito's possessions consisted of some underwear and a cheap suit of clothes, which he had left behind in his flight.

"These trunks are a blind to fool the hotel people into the belief that he had many possessions," Harry commented.

"Of course. On the strength of his bluff he was enabled to run up a big bill here," replied Old King Brady. "Now he has skipped out, leaving the amount unpaid. The hotel lessee will have a hard job to realize on these things the amount of the money due to him."

Opening a bureau drawer, Harry drew out a piece of wrapping paper covered with seals, ends of cut cords, and a superscription worded as follows:

"From Fifth National Bank of Boston, Mass., to the Produce Exchange Bank, Wall street, New York, \$25,000."

Holding up the paper, Young King Brady exclaimed:

"See here; the wrapper in which the stolen money was sent on the train to this town. It proves conclusively enough that those three crooks were the parties who robbed the Boston express as we heard them admit."

"John Potts is a humbug and a hypocrite."

"Yes. Swore he was reforming. Declared he had nothing to do with the robbery and murder. He actually deceived me," said Harry. "He's a good actor, I must say."

"Well, we know who has got the money now," answered Old King Brady. "That's a little consolation, anyhow. We will know who to look for now."

"For the robbery, yes; but for the murder—who?"

"We must find out something about Ripley's antecedents

and ascertain who was on the train that night. We might thus dig up somebody who had a grudge against the messenger."

A large number of useless poolroom tickets on a table showed how Ito squandered his money.

But the crooks left no trace behind of where they were going to, so the detectives finally gave up the search.

Then they went down to the office.

Addressing the clerk, Old King Brady asked him:

"Did you see Prince Ito leave here with two men just now?"

"They had a cab called, and all went off in it."

"Who called the carriage?"

"The porter."

Harry approached the porter he pointed out and asked him:

"Do you know what cab it was that party of three went off in?"

"Just a public hack, sir."

"Then you don't know the license number?"

"No sir."

"Thank you."

And the detectives departed from the hotel.

When they reached the street the boy referred to his notebook. He had the murdered messenger's address written in it, and finding the entry, he said to his companion:

"Ripley lived in East Thirty-fifth street."

"We'll go right to his late residence."

It was a short walk to the place in question, and the detectives found it to be a flat-house.

A ring at the doorbell brought out an old, gray-haired woman attired in deep mourning.

"Well," she asked, "what is it?"

"We are reporters on the New York Globe," said Harry, "and we are looking for some member of Ned Ripley's family."

"I am his mother. Won't you come in?"

She led them into a comfortable little parlor.

When they were seated, Harry said to the old lady:

"It is our intention to try to solve the mystery of your son's death, Mrs. Ripley, and we have called for the purpose of gaining some information about his past life."

There were tears in the old lady's eyes as she answered:

"If you can bring to justice the villains who so foully murdered my poor boy, you will appease the natural desire for vengeance I feel against them, sir."

"We are going to try," said Harry. "If you will answer our questions without reserve, it may help us to learn who the criminal was."

"I will tell you all I can."

"Then, in the first place, how old was your son?"

"He was thirty. Here's his picture."

She took a little gilt frame down from the mantelpiece and handed it to the young detective.

It contained a cabinet-sized photograph of a good-looking man with round features, fearless blue eyes, curly hair, and a closely-trimmed mustache.

"Was he married?" asked Harry.

"No. He did not even have a girl that I know of. He and I are the last of our family, and lived alone here for the past ten years, during which he worked as an express messenger for the Wells Fargo Company, running between Boston and New York."

"What was his character?"

"Very moral. He was religious, and kept no bad company. Ned never swore, smoked, or drank. His word was his bond. Every one who knew him liked him. There wasn't a more popular man on the railroad than he was. You would have thought so could you have seen the hundreds of fellow employees who came to his funeral."

"Did he leave you destitute?"

"No, indeed. He received a good salary, and being of a saving disposition, he left me several thousand dollars in the bank. Being a member of a fraternal society, he also left me three thousand dollars life insurance."

"You are well provided for?"

"I am, indeed."

"You are sure he had no enemies?"

"Positive of it."

"Who was his most intimate friend?"

"A conductor named John Potts, for the last three months."

"Was it Ned who got Potts his job?"

"Yes. It seems Potts had a bad record, and reformed. As Ned wanted to give him a chance to earn an honest living he recommended Potts to the company and got him his job."

"Potts is an ungrateful villain!" thought Harry.

After questioning Mrs. Ripley for fully half an hour the detectives failed to elicit any information that would be of any avail to them in solving the mystery.

They therefore promised to let her know when they caught her son's slayer, and took their departure.

When they reached the street, Old King Brady said:

"We can go down to the newspaper office now and write up our first article, Harry."

The boy assented and they rode downtown.

CHAPTER VII.

STEALING THE NEWS.

"What!" exclaimed the editor-in-chief of the Globe, when the Bradys walked into his office that afternoon. "Do you mean to say you have already gained enough information to give us an article about the robbery and murder?"

"Yes," assented Old King Brady, as he sat down beside the desk and laid his hat upon the floor. "We have discovered that the robbers were Arthur Gordon, an unknown dude, posing as a stock broker; John Potts, the conductor of Ned Ripley's train, who only three months ago was discharged from Moyamensing prison, where we put him for a

two years' term for illicit whiskey distilling; Ito Shimosa, an ostensible prince and Japanese ambassador, and Jim Higby, a well-known crook."

"By Jove, you've done well. And who killed the messenger?"

"We don't know yet. It was a fifth person, though."

"A member of that gang?"

"No. They don't know who it was themselves."

"Do you mean to say Ripley was killed after the robbery was committed?" demanded the editor in astonishment.

"That's it exactly."

"Well, here; sit down at my desk. Write up your article and let me see it. I'll rush out an extra on that as soon as I can get your copy reduced to type."

Here was a new experience for the Bradys.

Neither of them were accustomed to writing for the press, but they did not hesitate to try.

Having all their facts in view, they began to write up the article in the most approved form of stereotyped newspaper style.

When they finished it and put on the caption, Harry handed it over to the editor.

He smiled when he read these glaring headlines:

THE GREAT MURDER MYSTERY.

Who Killed the Man in the Tunnel?

RUNNING DOWN THE RAILROAD THIEVES.

Picking up a blue pencil, he ran it through the second and first lines.

"We editors usually write the headlines and captions," said he.

"That's something we didn't know," confessed Harry.

"It don't make much difference. I'll read the article."

He put on his spectacles and read the following story:

"The New York Globe has scored another victory by employing the Secret Service men known as the Bradys to work for them yesterday. The reporter-detectives brought to light some curious facts regarding the robbery and murder committed on the Grand Central road last week."

He thereupon recited all they had done.

The article was so well written that the editor asked them:

"Haven't you ever written for publication before?"

"Never," said Old King Brady.

"Well, you write like experts."

"Thank you for the compliment."

"It is very attractively arranged."

"Then you won't have to alter it any?"

"Not a line but the heading. How did you learn to do it?"

"We simply wrote as we read the newspaper reports."

"You would both make excellent reporters."

"Well, we stuck to the facts and yet we put them in as attractive form as we possibly could."

"That's the secret of good literary work."

The Bradys felt elated.

Their first work was a success.

Harry then asked the editor:

"What is your opinion of the murder?"

"I am convinced that none of Shimosa's men did it."

"Have you any theory as to who was guilty?"

"I can only form three conclusions."

"What are they?"

"First, that Ripley was a victim of jealousy."

"Well?"

"Or revenge."

"And?"

"Accident."

"His character was above reproach."

"Apparently. If so, jealousy and revenge are out of the question."

"That reduces your theory to the belief that he died by accident?"

"Exactly so, Mr. Brady."

"How?"

"I am not prepared to say."

"What do you want us to do now?"

"Keep on hunting for the criminal."

"We intend to do that."

"As soon as you glean any more facts report to me, and we will keep the city in a ferment of excitement."

"If anything of importance arises you will hear from us."

They departed.

Within a few hours afterward the extras were on the street and the newsboys were startling every one with their cries of the fact that the train robbers had been discovered.

When the Bradys procured copies and saw their article in enormous type and observed the avidity with which people bought and read the paper, the old detective exclaimed dryly:

"The owners of the Globe will make enough money out of that edition alone to pay our salaries."

"It's a fact that the papers are selling rapidly," Harry replied. "Moreover, the Globe editor is chuckling and gloating over the news-beat he is giving his rivals, who have nothing whatever about the case on account of the report not coming from the Associated Press Bureau."

"That will make the Globe's rivals angry," laughed Old King Brady, "and they will make desperate efforts to get some points on the same subject."

"It may lead them to steal our news."

"Perhaps; or, they may enlarge on it."

"If they do we can trap them and hold them up to the ridicule of the public, and that will be another victory of the Globe over them."

"How can we work it?"

"Come to a public telephone and I'll show you."

They soon found one and Harry called up the editor.

"Well?" he cried. "Who's that?"

"The Bradys," Harry replied over the 'phone.

"Anything new?"

"We've sprung a trap on your plagiarizing rivals."

"What is it?"

"Run out a Postscript Extra."

"What shall we publish?"

"Say: 'The identity of Ned Ripley's murderer is suspected. Our reporters say his name is Sweneth E. Lotsew, a Swede. Our next edition will tell why he killed the express messenger.'"

"Why say that?"

"Your rivals will copy it."

"No doubt of that."

"Then you can print a statement that they are pirates and prove them branded as thieves by reversing the letters of the supposed Swede's name; which will spell out 'We Stole the News.' And there you'll have them."

"Good enough!" cried the editor delightedly. "I'll do it."

He rang off.

In two hours more the extra edition was out, and as promptly as possible no less than two different evening papers copied and published the item.

Then out came another postscript edition of the Globe with this glaring item:

"THE THIEVES CAUGHT AT LAST."

"For a long time past this paper's bright news items have been copied by our cheap rivals, the Moon and the Evening Ledger. We prepared a trap for them and they fell right into it. We have made them brand themselves as unmitigated thieves. In our last edition we reported that we suspected that a man named Sweneth E. Lotsew was the murderer of Ned Ripley, the express messenger. The name Sweneth E. Lotsew, reversed, spells 'We stole the news.' By copying this information and using the name of Sweneth E. Lotsew we have caught the unprincipled ruffians who edit those scandalous sheets in a trap which brands them exactly what they are—a pair of swindling, robbing, yellow journals, which have to depend upon our refined columns for what little news they publish."

When this item was published, it may be inferred what a sensation it created and how much the public applauded the clever men who instigated it.

CHAPTER VIII.

WAS RIPLEY A SUICIDE?

As the Bradys could not expect to learn from John Potts who was aboard the passenger coach on the eventful night of the robbery and murder, they did the next best thing under the circumstances. That was to try to get information from others of the train crew, and they went next day to the depot.

Here they found Thomas Armstrong, the engineer, a big, rugged fellow, in a greasy cap and overalls.

He was in the cab of his locomotive when they joined

him. Harry stated their business to be reporting and asked him:

"When the trailer was uncoupled from the train and was left behind in the tunnel, how did you find it out?"

"Lor' bless yer," said Tom. "we'd pulled right in on our correct track an' all ther passengers wuz garn when I sees Potts come a runnin' across ther yard after us all out o' breath."

"Then he wasn't clinging to the freight car roof?"

"Clingin' ter the deuce," contemptuously answered the old engineer, lighting his pipe. "I axed him where I dropped him, bein' as he wuzn't on ther cars, an' ses he, 'I jumped off in ther tunnel ter stop ther robbers.' Ses I: 'What robbers?' an' ses he: 'They've uncoupled ther express at about Fiftieth street. Run back an' pick it up, or there'll be a smash-up,' ses he. He jumped aboard an' we rode back, an' found her blowed open."

"Were you coming through the tunnel too fast for him to alight?" demanded the young detective.

"Twenty mile an hour."

"Then he must have been on the express car with the robbers, and if he didn't actually help them to blow open the car, he must have stood by and witnessed the whole occurrence. Then he probably ran after you when the job was completed and reported the robbery."

"Most likely."

"That gives rise to a serious view of the case."

"What's that, sir?"

"The thieves declared that Ripley was alive when they left him. They fled with their booty as soon as they got it. Now, maybe Potts remained until after they had gone, and shot the messenger for some reasons of his own. He evidently was the last man left in the company of the messenger, who had been knocked senseless by the thieves, so they could blow open the safe."

"Good Lord!" gasped the engineer. "D'yer think Potts killed Ripley?"

"Such is my present belief."

"Then tell ther p'lice."

"Oh, we'll take care of that part."

"Ther blamed old villain!"

"Say, Armstrong, do you know how many passengers you had in the coach on the night of the crime?"

"Well," said the engineer, scratching his head, "they wuzn't worry hard ter count, 'cause I looked out ther winder o' me cab, when I brung ther loco to a stan' still, an' all as I seen goin' out wuz two people. There wuz so few that it struck me as bein' odd."

"What sort of looking people?"

"An ole gent an' his wife."

This reply satisfied the detectives that they had no reason to suspect the passengers of being Ripley's slayer.

Harry could not dissuade himself of the idea that Potts either committed the murder, or else he knew who the guilty party was.

As no more news of value was to be gained from the engineer, they thanked him and left the yard.

Reaching the street, Harry exclaimed:

"Why was Ripley killed?"

"That's the very question which has been bothering me," his partner answered in perplexed tones.

"Even if Potts were guilty, why did he do it?"

"I can't divine the motive."

"Old King Brady, we must try to capture the conductor. He holds the key to the entire situation."

"The others evidently are sincere in their ignorance of who it was that killed the messenger. I know it. They merely fear that they'll be blamed for it, as long as he was found dead after their assault on him to reach his express parcels."

"It's quite natural for them to feel that apprehension."

"Of course it is."

"Was the weapon found that killed the messenger?"

"If it was, the police must have it."

"We'd better inquire."

They proceeded to police headquarters in Mulberry street. The inspector was in and admitted them to his office. He greeted them warmly, although the municipal department has a certain amount of professional jealousy of the Federal officers, and he asked them:

"Why did you call here, Brady?"

"In reference to the tunnel murder, Inspector."

"Oh! Are you on that case now?"

"Yes."

"We've given it up."

"So I heard."

"What do you want to know?"

"If you've got the gun that did the job?"

"Yes. Want 'er?"

"If you'll give it up."

"Oh, we have no further use for it."

"Have you abandoned the case?"

"Practically."

"Why?"

"Can't find a solution."

"Let's see the pistol."

The Inspector drew a revolver from his desk drawer.

It was fully loaded and but one of the five cartridges had been used.

Old King Brady examined it keenly.

"A brand-new weapon," said he finally.

"How can you tell?"

"Only one shot has ever been fired out of it."

"Is that all?"

"Yes. Here's the proof. Look at the cartridge holes in the magazine. Only one is blackened with powder smoke. The rest, as you can see, are unblemished and haven't been used."

"That's a fact," assented the chief, looking at it keenly.

"It's a Hopkins & Allen pistol," said Old King Brady, glancing at the name on top of the barrel and opening it so the patent shell ejector was shown. "And here, inside, on the end of the magazine, is the number, 6421. The pistol came from Norwich, Conn. It's likely enough the manu-

facturer will know to whom he sold it. We will telegraph them for information. When they name the dealer we can see him and find out what sort of looking person purchased the revolver. It may give us a clew to the identity of the culprit."

"That's a sensible plan."

"Where did you get the gun?"

"One of my Central Office men, Kelly by name, found it lying upon the floor of the car beside the corpse of Ripley."

"When a post-mortem examination was made of Ripley's body by the coroner, did they find the ball that killed the man?"

"Yes, and it was the same size as those in that revolver."

"Then you are convinced that the messenger was killed by the discharged cartridge in this weapon."

"I am."

"I'll telegraph the maker."

He thereupon sent the following message:

"Hopkins & Allen, Norwich, Conn.: To whom did you sell pistol No. 6421? Reply by telegraph. The Bradys, New York Central Office."

The message went and in an hour this reply came back:

"The Bradys, N. Y. Central Office: Pistol No. 6421 was sold to Hartley & Graham, Maiden Lane, New York. Hopkins & Allen."

"We've got the dealers located," announced Old King Brady.

"See them. They may recollect to whom they sold it."

The Bradys tried this plan.

Entering the store, they exhibited the pistol to a clerk.

"Did you sell this gun from here?" he asked.

The clerk examined it, glanced at a book, and answered:

"Yes. Sold it two weeks ago, and delivered it at the flat occupied by Ned Ripley. The bill was paid there by Ripley himself, and we paid no further attention to the matter."

"What! Ripley himself bought it from you?"

"So it seems."

"Well, the poor fellow was killed with his own weapon."

"That's the way it looks to me," said Harry.

The clerk asked for the particulars and got them.

Then he shrugged his shoulders and remarked:

"Perhaps the express messenger feared being blamed for the loss of the money entrusted to his care. It made him desperate, and in a fit of frenzy he may have shot himself."

The Bradys were struck by this theory, and looked rather grave as they walked out of the store.

had better have an interview with him," remarked Old King Brady, when he and his partner went uptown.

"What do you expect to prove by that man?"

"The appearance of the scene of the tragedy, whereby we might be able to judge whether Ripley committed suicide or not."

"He is the only one we can reach who might aid us. I've got his name from the inspector," said Harry, referring to his notebook. "He is Stephen Moore."

When they reached the depot they easily found Moore, a plain-clothes man.

He proved to be a genial fellow when the Bradys introduced themselves and stated their mission, and was a Central Office detective.

"Of course I can explain the situation," said he.

"In what position was Ripley lying?" queried Harry.

"Flat on his back, his feet pointed toward the safe."

"Where did you find the revolver?"

"About ten feet from his head, toward the other end of the car."

"Why, then, that disproves the suicide theory."

"How do you reason that out, Mr. Brady?"

"The coroner declared that death must have been instantaneous after the shot that hit him. The nature of the wound proved it."

"So I read."

"If that were the case, Ripley must have fallen where he stood when shot. Evidently he stood near the safe and fell backward. He must have been facing the safe. Now, had he been facing the other way, he would have fallen toward the safe. I don't believe he pitched forward on his face and rolled over. The pistol, being found so far from his body, disproves the suicide theory. It could scarcely have dropped from his nerveless hand when he killed himself and found it so far from his body."

"Then you think?—"

"He was shot by somebody else."

"All the facts warrant that belief."

"Did you hear anything to the contrary?" asked Harry.

"Well, I heard what the opinions were of most of the city detectives. Some firmly believed he committed suicide, others thought he was assassinated, one imagined he fell in a duel, and another man ventured the opinion that he asked one of the thieves to kill him so he would escape censure or an accusation of being a party to the crime."

"Your description convinces us that it was a rank murder."

"I've always held to that belief too, sir."

"But you have no evidence of it?"

"None whatever."

"How soon after the crime was discovered were you called?"

"About half an hour."

"Do you know how soon it was after the locomotive reached the yard without the express car that Potts apprised the engineer that the car had been uncoupled, and sent the engineer back to pick it up?"

CHAPTER IX.

RIPLEY'S TRUE CHARACTER.

"As it was one of the officers posted at the Grand Central station who first viewed the remains of Ned Ripley when the express car was hauled from the tunnel to the yard, we

"I do. I wanted to know that very thing myself. It took the engine about five minutes to get from Fiftieth street to its stand in the depot. It was quarter of an hour later before Potts made his appearance with the news. That's twenty minutes altogether."

"How much more time elapsed before the engine got back to the uncoupled car?" queried the boy.

"Say ten minutes."

"Then half an hour was about the time that the express car stood alone in the tunnel?"

"Just about."

"That would have been considerably longer than was necessary for the thieves to do their work," said the boy, reflectively. "In fact, ten minutes would have sufficed for them to finish the robbery and get away with the swag. When they were gone the murder was committed. We suspect that Potts may have taken the messenger's pistol from him and shot him with it. That could have been done a few moments after his pals were gone, and give him time to run to the depot and get there fifteen or twenty minutes after the engine reached its place of stopping."

"Very true, Mr. Brady."

"Have you seen Potts around here lately?"

"No, sir. He disappeared the other day and never came back."

"Lost his job?"

"Of course."

"Had he any friends?"

"None that I know of."

"Kept entirely to himself, eh?"

"Well, occasionally I've seen him with Ripley."

"Where?"

"In a saloon on the corner of Vanderbilt avenue."

"What! Drinking?" cried the boy in amazement.

"Yes; and whiskey, at that."

"Much?"

"They've gone out of there paralyzed."

"Well, well, well."

"You seem amazed."

"I am. Ripley deceived his mother."

"How?"

"Led her to suppose he was a model young man."

"Most fellows do that."

"I'm sorry to say they do. Yet a man should never deceive his mother. She is his best friend and deserves his confidence. To deceive her is a sin, one of the worst sins. It's mean and contemptible. Such a boy or man is to be despised. He should tell her the truth, no matter what wrong he does, and she would be more apt to correct his faults than to censure or chastise him, for she has his interests at heart."

"Did Mrs. Ripley think he didn't drink?"

"Yes."

"Well, she was greatly mistaken. He not only drank to excess at times, but he also gambled."

"Good gracious! How do you know?"

"I've frequently seen him gambling furiously in some of the most noted dives in New York and Boston."

"How skilfully he concealed his bad habits," said Harry. "If he fooled his mother he was indeed deceitful. Do you know with whom he usually gambled?"

"Yes. Any one in Canfield's Forty-fourth street palace."

"Ah! Around by Delmonico's?"

"That's the gilded den of iniquity."

"He had no friends among the gamblers, had he?"

"None in particular here."

"How about in Boston?"

"That's different. I often had to go there and frequently saw him at the Statue Club. The last time was about a week before he was killed. He had cleaned out a professional gambler of his pile. The crook was Dave Lewis, one of the most notorious and desperate gamblers in Boston."

"What happened?"

"They had a row."

"Serious?"

"I heard Lewis fiercely demand satisfaction. Ripley said he would accommodate him any time he pleased. The gambler asserted that he would even matters up later on."

"Where can Lewis be found?"

"Only in Boston. He rarely ever leaves there."

"We may wish to interview him some time, you know."

"I don't believe he can shed any light on the mystery."

"Perhaps not."

Young King Brady continued to question the officer at some length further, and when they left him, Old King Brady said:

"We can't hope to accomplish anything until we capture Potts. He was the last one with Ripley. It isn't at all likely that anybody else would be down in that dark tunnel at night, Harry. Consequently, I am more suspicious than ever of the conductor. We have got to find him."

"He might tell a lot if we can make him squeal."

"As he is to remain in the east, he will be the handiest man for us to run down."

"The difficult problem that now confronts us is to locate his hiding place. How are we to find it?"

"You've got me there. Perhaps a trick might bring him to light."

"What plan have you in view?"

"To lay a trap for him."

"How?"

"By advertising."

"It will do no harm to try."

With this understanding they proceeded to the Globe office, for Old King Brady had once observed a copy of that paper in Potts' pocket, and he inferred that that was the conductor's favorite journal.

CHAPTER X.

AMONG THE REDS.

On the following morning when the Globe was issued it contained the following personal:

"John Potts: Communicate at once with Ito, General Delivery, New York Post Office. Important news. Shimosa."

This advertisement had the desired effect.

A letter directed to the Japanese was at the post office on the following morning, and the Bradys got it.

Upon opening it, Harry read the following lines to his partner:

"Dear Ito: I thought you had left the city. Was surprised to see your personal in the Globe. What important news have you got? I'm alarmed. Hope nothing serious has occurred. Let me hear from you at once. Shall be very anxious until I either see you or get some message. I am to be found any evening, about eight o'clock, in the Freiheit saloon, in First street, near the Bowery. Any mail addressed to me there will reach me in care of Herman Most, the proprietor. He is an anarchist, and so are most of his patrons. It's a safe refuge for me, as you may imagine. Sincerely yours, John Potts."

Old King Brady burst out laughing.

"So he is at Most's saloon, eh?" he asked.

"I know where the place is," Harry answered, "and I must say it is one of the worst joints in New York."

"That's a fact," replied Old King Brady. "It's a regular hotbed of anarchy. There's a meeting room upstairs where Emma Goldman and other people of her stripe have spoken to big audiences."

"It won't do to go there openly."

"No, indeed. All the habitués of the place know us by sight and hate us intensely."

"I wonder if Potts is an Anarchist?"

"No, I don't believe he is. But if he has got money to spend on those Anarchists, he can easily win their best friendship by filling them with beer. Most of the Anarchists spend their time getting drunk, looking fierce, and threatening to kill all the rulers of the universe."

"If the conductor has won their friendship they might make it rather difficult for us to arrest him there."

"Oh, that won't deter me from attacking him in their midst."

They went home to make their preparations.

At nightfall they emerged from their lodgings in Irving Place looking like a couple of Italian bandits.

Unkempt wigs covered their heads, bushy whiskers hid their features, dirty hands, ragged clothes, and burst shoes gave them the most slovenly appearance.

Harry could not help laughing at their make-up.

"We only need a bombshell to make us look like the most rabid Anarchists in the city!" he exclaimed.

"In that event we are bound to pass muster among the Reds in Most's saloon," answered his partner.

They went down town.

When they reached the saloon Harry said:

"Remember—we are Italians."

"Why that nation?"

"Because most of the Anarchists in Most's saloon are Poles, Russians, and Hungarians," replied the boy. "Consequently they won't be able to trip us up on their language."

"You are far-seeing."

"Here's the place now."

They paused before a dingy saloon and passed inside.

The Bradys found themselves in a small bar-room with a low ceiling and a sanded floor, filled with tables and chairs. Herman Most, the owner, was in his shirtsleeves behind the bar, a dirty apron covering his corpulent stomach, and a black beard covering his fat, red face.

A dozen fierce-looking foreigners were ranged along the bar, each man grasping a schooner of beer with a ferocious air.

At most of the tables sat other wild-eyed, socialistic beer drinkers, smoking rank pipes, and talking in husky voices.

Several dim, greasy lamps illumined the room.

Every one glanced around suspiciously at the Bradys when they entered. But the appearance of the detectives was a sufficient guarantee that they were men of the same kind as those in the place. Most and his patrons were reassured.

Raising a stein of frothy lager, the saloon-keeper said:

"Yendlemens, here vhas death to der obressors!"

"Hooray!" roared the rest.

"Down mit 'em!" continued Mr. Most savagely.

Whether he alluded to the beer or the "oppressors" will never be known, for every Anarchist in the room quickly raised his schooner to his lips, and poured the beverage down his throat.

The Bradys joined the party at the bar.

"Gooda frands!" exclaimed Harry. "Youa speakit de King of Eng, de Sulan ofa de Turk, or de Czar ofa de Rush?"

Most cast an admiring glance at the boy.

"Ach," said he, "vots der ust if I shpoken vun bardickler man? I mean efery pody vot keeps der poor mans down alretty."

"Signor, youa wang gooda guy. Makit de drinka morea beer. Everybod' takita wan ona me."

"Hooray!" yelled the thirsty crowd, and like magic every man in the room was crowding up to the bar.

Harry flung down a two-dollar bill, and a happy smile began to break over the gloomy face of Mr. Most, as he tapped a fresh keg and began to draw off the lager.

For a few minutes only the clattering and clinking of glasses, mingled with the boisterous language of the gang, while they were toasting the Bradys and swallowing their beer.

In the midst of it the officers keenly scanned every man in the room, but failed to see anything of John Potts.

"Who say killa da king?" roared Old King Brady finally.

Every one yelled:

"Me!"

"Who say killa da Queen of Holland?"

"Me!" came another roar in stern tones.

"Who doa da job?"

There was a painful silence.

Not a man spoke.

When it came to action, their enthusiasm faded rapidly.

Old King Brady cast a withering glance of contempt upon the gang, and finally remarked in dry tones:

"Youa da biga wind bag, cospetto!"

Some of the gang were upon the point of indignantly protesting against this allusion, when he saw it, and to avert a protracted dispute, he flung down a bank note and roared:

"Line upa da bar for anodder drink."

Instantly every man was ready and Most was kept busy attending to their wants again.

"Py Yiminey," said he to Old King Brady, "you must be run ohf us yet alretty vunst."

"I Tony Bradini," announced the old detective, assuming an air of great pride, "an ma frand he Signor Harrino. We da two bes Anarchists ina da Mulberry Bend."

"You don't say so," answered Mr. Most.

"Signor—youa notit de heara me?"

"Sure I dit," replied the saloon-keeper. "Eferybody knows you aroundt here. Why not? Hind youse der fellers vot—vot—vot——"

He could not think of what lie to utter, on the spur of the moment, so Harry helped him out by saying:

"We senda de bomb to de boy-king ofa de Spain by mail."

"Yah!" eagerly assented Most. "I know dot yer dit someding, but vot dot vas I couldn't shpoken on de minute yet."

"Vot habbened?" hoarsely asked one of the listening Anarchists.

"Why," said Harry, gravely, "wan lobstair ina da post-of he graba de bomb, an' chuck it ina de sewer."

A groan went up from the rest.

They expected to be thrilled with the fable that the bomb reached the little boy on the Spanish throne, and bursting in his puny hands, blew him into mince meat.

At this juncture a side door opened, and a short, thin man with a clean-shaven face, a big red nose, and a new suit of clothes came into the bar-room.

Despite the change in his appearance the detectives recognized him at a glance as John Potts.

The man glanced around keenly and saw the detectives.

Walking straight up to them, he gave them a sharp look and observed that the old detective wore a wig.

Then he seized Old King Brady's wig and beard and pulled them off.

Back he sprang and yelled:

"Detectives! The Bradys!"

In an instant the room was in a furor.

Every man sprang to his feet, concealed weapons were drawn out, and the whole gang were ready for action.

Old King Brady now gasped:

"Our identity is revealed now, Harry."

CHAPTER XI.

HUNG.

Quick to act, Young King Brady gave Potts a terrific punch in the neck that knocked him down.

The next moment the boy's revolver flashed out of his pocket, and backing up to the wall against which his partner retreated, he leveled his weapon at the gang.

"Stand back there!" he yelled.

"Draw on dem!" roared Most, furiously.

"I'll kill the first man who advances," declared the boy.

The gang rushed back in the room.

Potts scrambled to his feet.

He saw Old King Brady's pistol aimed at his heart, and he flung his hands above his head and shouted:

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot!"

"You are our prisoner, Potts."

"I quit, Brady."

"Drop on your knees."

Down went the trembling conductor.

For a moment there was a deep silence, then the gang of Anarchists hurled a volley of chairs, beer glasses, bottles and cuspidors at the lamps.

Crash and jingle followed; then the lights went out.

Gloom settled down.

"Don't let Potts escape!" cried Harry, excitedly.

Old King Brady had the man located, and rushing forward he seized the conductor and gasped:

"If you fight I'll shoot you."

"I won't tamely submit!" hissed the other desperately. He began to struggle.

In the gloom they could not see each other.

Suddenly the Anarchists, who had been creeping forward, bumped against the pair and seized them.

Old King Brady struggled furiously.

"Look out for yourself, Harry!" he gasped in warning tones.

The boy would have shot toward them, but he feared to hit his partner, and therefore refrained.

Old King Brady might have torn himself free by exerting all his prodigious strength, but just as he was upon the eve of victory, some one gave him a stunning blow on the skull.

With a groan he lost his senses and fell.

Harry crept from the spot where he had been standing, and pulling out his dark lantern, he lit it.

No one molested the boy while he was so employed.

He was somewhat surprised at this.

Flashing the rays of his lantern around, he was amazed to see that the room was deserted.

All the Anarchists had vanished.

Not even the owner remained.

"What in thunder has become of them?" thought the boy. "Why—even Old King Brady has vanished, too!"

There were two back windows and one side door.

Harry tried the latter.

It was locked on the inside.

"That's evidence that they did not go out this way," the young detective muttered.

He was sure they had not passed him to go out the front way, and he therefore thought:

"They've made their escape by the rear windows."

Impressed with this idea he ran to the rear of the room and cast his light out.

No men were seen there, however.

Harry finally jumped out through the window.

He found himself in a small yard surrounded by a high fence. There was a door leading into the hall, and he passed inside, traversed it and found a staircase.

The boy paused and pondered.

"If I go up, they'll have me at their mercy and kill me. There are too many for me to contend with. I'll get help."

There was a police station near by and he ran to it.

Behind the desk sat the captain.

"Hello," he exclaimed. "What do you want?"

Young King Brady took off his false whiskers.

"Know me, Captain?" he asked, smilingly.

"Why—as I live—it's Harry Brady."

"Right you are, sir."

"Where's your partner?"

"In trouble."

"How so?"

Harry told him.

Then he added, in conclusion:

"I want a platoon of policemen to raid the joint and rescue Old King Brady from the hands of those Anarchists."

"You shall have them."

"At once."

"Yes. I'm dead sore on those Reds and have threatened to break them up if they monkey with any respectable people."

"Get your men. There's no time to lose."

The captain summoned ten men.

He instructed them to do as Harry ordered.

As soon as the boy gave his order they set out for the Freiheit saloon, ready and eager for fight.

The place was still in gloom.

Harry led them in, after posting a man outside the door. Not a soul was in the place.

"We'll ransack the house from cellar to attic," said Harry to the police sergeant. "Follow me."

He opened the side door.

It led him into the hall, the end of which opened into the yard.

Up the stairs they dashed to the next floor, and pushing open a door, they found themselves in a spacious meeting room.

It was filled with Anarchists.

A fanatic on a platform was making an inflammatory speech to them, denouncing the rulers of various countries, and calling on his auditors to wipe them out of existence.

He was frequently interrupted by his auditors threatening to do as he said, and vowing to rid the world of all tyranny and oppression.

But when the raiding policemen burst in on them they all became panic-stricken and fled.

Harry keenly surveyed them.

"Your partner among this crowd?" queried the sergeant.

"No," replied the boy sorrowfully, shaking his head.

"Any of the gang who attacked you?"

"None that I can—Oh! yes! There's one!"

He pointed at a solitary individual, who fled the moment he found them looking at him.

Down stairs he rushed pell mell.

But the policeman on guard at the door stopped him and growled:

"Howld on there! Where are yez goin'?"

"Let me go!" panted the fugitive. "Let me go!"

"I'll not that."

"But I'll give you fifty——"

"Not fer a million!"

The man sighed, for he saw that bribery was out of the question.

Down came Harry the next moment, exclaiming:

"Hold that man, officer."

"Is he one of the gang?"

"Yes. See here, my fine fellow."

"Well?" demanded the captive.

"I want you to tell me what your pals have done with Old King Brady, my partner."

"Don't know," growled the man.

"Speak out quick, or I'll shoot you!"

He made a motion as if to draw a revolver from his hip pocket, and the man yelled in alarm:

"I'll tell! I'll tell!"

"Well, where is he?"

"Upstairs in the attic."

"Hang onto him, officer."

"Yes, sir."

Upstairs rushed Harry.

Reaching the attic door, he burst it open and darted in. It was a gloomy, stifling place, festooned with cobwebs.

The roof overhead was peaked and the rafters were bare.

By the dim light struggling in through a little dusty window at the end, Harry saw his partner's body.

But a dreadful scene was revealed.

Old King Brady had been bound, a rope was secured, and while one noosed end encircled his neck, the other end was fastened to a roof beam overhead.

There hung Old King Brady, struggling in the grasp of death, a victim of his enemies.

Pulling out his knife, the boy rushed forward and cut down the old detective.

CHAPTER XII.

OFF TO THE QUAKER CITY.

It was with the greatest difficulty that Young King Brady revived his partner, for Old King Brady's face was black.

and his tongue and eyes were protruding from the choking he received.

He was upon the verge of death.

His breath had almost ceased.

But the boy got up an artificial respiration for him, and working incessantly over the old detective, he finally managed to get him breathing again.

The blood left his face, the horrible look of strangulation departed, and he finally opened his eyes and glanced up.

"Harry!" he gasped hoarsely.

"Yes, it's me. They had you going," replied the boy.

"Where are those fiends?"

"Heaven only knows."

"They tried hard to kill me."

"It's lucky I arrived in time to baffle them."

Old King Brady panted hard.

Presently he got up and glanced around.

"I remember it all now," he gasped with a shudder, as past events returned to his mind. "They knocked me senseless and I was carried here, I suppose. Anyway, I revived in this garret, only to find a gibbet ready for me and all those villains surrounding me. They had my hands tied behind my back and my ankles were bound together. Potts was urging them on."

"So he was in this attempt at murder, eh?"

"Yes. He told them I was a detective trying to get them behind the bars. He begged them to kill me, as their lives were in danger as long as I lived. They then decided to hang me as a warning to the rest of the police department."

"And they carried out the atrocious plan."

"As you can see."

"What became of them?"

"Leaving me hanging, they all went away."

"Well, they ain't in this building now."

"Have you searched it?"

"Raided it with a platoon of policemen."

"Then they must have gone ere you arrived in this room. As I was only hanging a few moments before you entered, and you didn't meet them going down stairs, you may depend that they escaped over the roof."

"It must be so."

"I wonder how Potts happened to notice that I wore a wig? My hair must have shown behind the ears or at the base of the skull. He was a keen-sighted wretch."

"He was wise, at any rate, to make the Anarchists think we were after them instead of admitting that he was the one we wanted. By so doing he easily got them to attack us, saving him the trouble and securing his liberty."

"Now that he has escaped he will be on the alert to keep out of our way in future. We are going to have a hard time to catch the villain, I fear."

Just then Harry picked up an envelope from the floor, and glancing at the address, he was surprised to see that it had been directed to Potts.

The boy opened it and drew out the letter it contained.

"What's that?" queried Old King Brady curiously.

"A letter to Potts," answered the boy.

"From whom?"

"Shimosa."

"Read it."

"Just listen to this," said Harry, and he read:

"No. 125 Arch street,

"Philadelphia, Sept. 18.

"Dear Potts: There is a personal in the Globe purporting to come from me. But it is a fake. I did not insert it in the paper. Look out for yourself. It may be a trap put up by the police to catch you. I hope you won't see it. If you do, I trust you have not answered it. Be careful. I knew your address well enough, consequently had no reason to advertise for it. Keep under cover.

"Yours truly,

Ito Shimosa."

The letter brought a grim smile to Old King Brady's face.

"He got that letter too late to stop him from writing to us and giving himself away," chuckled the old officer.

"True," assented Harry.

"He must have accidentally dropped that letter here."

"It gives us the address of the Jap."

"So it does. We can get him now."

In a few minutes the detectives left the attic.

Going down stairs, they found that all the policemen had returned to the saloon without finding any trace of the villains who tried to kill Old King Brady.

Meeting the sergeant, Harry said to him:

"They have probably escaped by this time."

"All the gang at the meeting are locked in," the police official announced. "Shall I let them go?"

"Yes. We don't want any of them except the chap we captured," replied the boy. "You can lock him up, as we may find out from him what has become of Potts."

"Well, the raid wasn't a failure anyway, as we have saved your partner."

"That's all I expected to do, sergeant."

After a brief discussion of the matter, Harry said to the prisoner.

"Say! Where have your pals gone?"

"I don't know," sulkily answered the Anarchist.

"They didn't come down from the attic."

"Well, if they ain't there, they must have gone through the scuttle to the roof of the next house, and thus got down to the street," said the prisoner.

"Do you know where they can be found now?"

"Very likely they've scattered and gone to their homes."

"Where do they live?"

"I haven't got their addresses."

"Do you know if Potts is an Anarchist?"

"He isn't. He merely boarded here with Most."

"But he was a friend of yours?"

"Oh, he always treated us fellows nicely."

"Why did you attack us at his bidding?"

"Because he declared you defectives were after us."

"Then he didn't tell you it was him only that we wanted?"

"No. Was that the case?" queried the man in surprise.

"It was until you and your pals interfered. Then, of course, we had to fight the whole crowd."

"We really thought you came to arrest us."

"Nothing was more foreign to our minds."

The Anarchist sighed regretfully.

"Well," said he, after a moment's reflection, "Potts must have deceived us then. We got ourselves in trouble for nothing. I'm sorry for it, now that I understand the matter. Let me go, will you?"

"No. We want you to tell us all about your friends and to admit where we can find Potts first."

"My lips are sealed about my friends," resolutely answered the man. "As far as Potts is concerned I know nothing."

"Very well. Sergeant, lock him up on a charge of attempting to murder Old King Brady," said Harry.

The Anarchist turned pale.

But he said nothing, and the police took him away.

Not to lose any time, the Bradys went right home, and donned new disguises, and set out for the Quaker City.

"We must reach Shimosa before Potts has time to warn him that the letter and address were lost," said Old King Brady as they boarded the train.

"If Ito don't receive a warning from the conductor," Harry answered, "we'll have him in our power within the next twenty-four hours."

A few hours later they reached Philadelphia.

Their first care, despite the lateness of the hour, was to go down to the Arch street address.

They wanted to size up the place.

Upon reaching the building they found it was a Japanese store, where curiosities from Japan were sold.

The place was closed and dark.

As nothing could be gained by remaining there, the detectives proceeded to a hotel.

There they remained until late the next morning.

Feeling refreshed after a good rest and a hearty meal, they proceeded down to the Japanese store, clad in the disguise of a couple of soldiers in the regular army.

Entering the establishment they were accosted by an Americanized young Jap with the question:

"Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you to-day?"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CAPTURED MESSAGE.

"We have got an order to buy a large quantity of Japanese goods," said Harry, "and we wish to examine your entire stock in order to pick out the articles we require."

This reply made the young Jap's eyes glisten.

He was led to believe that the two supposed soldiers were going to be good customers, and it made him very attentive.

Bowing and smiling, he answered graciously:

"I hope to suit you, gentlemen. We have a large assort-

ment of goods here, and I shall take great pleasure in showing you everything we have in the store."

"You say 'we.' Have you got a partner?"

"Oh, yes."

"Who is he?"

"Ito Shimosa."

"I see!" said Harry with a wink at Old King Brady.

"He is not in just at present," continued the Jap, "but I can take good care of you without him."

"No doubt of that. Do you expect him in soon?"

"Yes. He has gone to attend to the importation of some new goods we have ordered from Nagasaki."

"Your partner's name is rather familiar to me."

"Very likely. He was in business in New York for a long time. Had a store on Broadway, but he failed in business. A short time ago his father died in Japan and left him about ten thousand dollars. He therefore came here and started this store in partnership with me. As he just received his money, he has gone to employ it buying some new stock."

"Quite an enterprising man," laughed Harry.

"Oh, Shimosa is a good business man," warmly said the little Japanese.

"I should say he was," dryly answered the boy, for he now could plainly see that this young man was utterly ignorant of the fact that Ito was a thief and had trumped up the story of a legacy in order to give a plausible reason for so suddenly having so much money.

It gave the detectives a clew to the object Ito had in robbing the express car: He evidently had been rendered desperate over his business failure and loss of money. To retrieve his fortune and establish himself in business again he had planned and carried out the robbery.

The present discovery justified this conclusion.

The Bradys went through the store with Ito's partner and carefully examined all the wares.

Many were beautiful, some grotesque, everything was unique, and most were rather expensive.

An hour passed by.

The detectives prolonged their stay as much as they reasonably could, to give Ito time to get back.

Other customers came in, and they always permitted the young Jap to attend to them, while they waited.

Finally Harry said to the shop-keeper:

"Well, we've seen pretty nearly all your merchandise and we've taken down a list of the things we expect to buy. Now we will go home and get the money. In an hour we may return and take the things with us."

"Yes, sir," replied the store-keeper, bowing and smiling.

As there was absolutely no excuse for them to remain any longer without exciting suspicion, they departed.

Once in the street, they took up a position in a neighboring doorway which commanded a view of the Japanese store entrance.

"We've got our man nicely located now," remarked the old detective, as he took a chew of tobacco, "and it only re-

mains for us to get the nippers on him ere he has an opportunity of getting away again."

"Stick to this spot," said Harry, "and when he comes back we can pounce upon him."

Just then a telegraph boy came along.

They saw him glance at a message in his book, and then look up at the numbers on the stores.

Seeing the detectives, he paused and asked the boy:

"Say, Mister, do you know where Ito Shimosa lives around here? I've got a message for him marked No. 125, but the name on that store is Tamba & Co."

Harry's suspicions were aroused at once.

A bold plan entered his mind.

With a pleasant smile he replied:

"Why—my name is Ito Shimosa, my boy."

"You," echoed the boy, incredulously, as he stared at the young detective. "Why, that's a chink's name, and you are a white man. Quit your fooling."

"But I ain't fooling. It's a fake name I've used in order to make people think I'm a Japanese. If you don't believe me, ask this gentleman here."

The boy turned doubtfully to Old King Brady, and seeing that he was dressed in soldier clothes just like Harry, he said:

"Ah, you fellows are guying me. You're a couple of regular army men. I know what those uniforms are. My uncle is a soldier, too."

"Oh, that's all right, sonny," said Old King Brady, with a nod. "He is Shimosa all right."

"I think I'll go in the store and see."

"Let me look at the envelope," said Harry quickly. "The message may not be for me after all. But I can tell as soon as I see the way the name is spelled."

There was nothing unreasonable in this request, so the boy unhesitatingly handed over his book, with the message, and Harry picked up the envelope.

Swiftly tearing it open he read the following message, while the alarmed boy shouted to him to leave it alone:

"Your letter lost. Probably in Bradys' hands. Get under cover quick, or you may get nabbed. Potts."

Harry gave the boy a quarter, saying:

"Here, sonny, take that and go and buy yourself some candy. This message is for me, all right."

The boy grinned, took the money greedily, and asked:

"Are you sure, boss?"

"Certain. I wouldn't keep it if it wasn't. What good would it do me to keep a message meant for somebody else? No good. If it was for some other person I'd give it back to you and tell you I opened it by mistake, and let you deliver it to the right party, wouldn't I? I don't want to get you in trouble by seeing you lose your job. Not much. It's all right."

"Sign for it then," said the boy, who was convinced by what Harry said that he was Ito Shimosa.

The young detective signed the book with Ito's name.

Satisfied, the boy departed, whistling a popular tune.

When he was gone Old King Brady asked:

"What did the message say, Harry?"

"Here; read it."

And he handed it over.

When Old King Brady perused the message an amused smile swept over his face, and he looked up and remarked:

"Luck favors us, Harry."

"Wonderfully, in this instance."

"Had this message from Potts fallen into the Jap's hands, he would have fled and baffled our design."

"I expected that Potts would warn him."

"We've got all the best of the game so far."

Just then a cab came rattling down the street, and as it paused before the store of Tamba & Co., they saw Shimosa alight.

He was attired in the height of fashion, wore a high hat and kid gloves, and carried a silver-handled cane.

"There he is now, Harry," said Old King Brady.

"Grab him before he can get in the store."

They rushed across the street while Ito was paying the cabman, and ranging on each side of him, Harry cried:

"Shimosa, you are my prisoner!"

The Jap leaped back with a startled cry.

"Detectives!" he growled savagely.

"The Bradys!" returned Harry.

"You won't take me! Stand back!"

"I won't!"

"Then take that!"

He aimed a blow at Harry's head with his cane, but the boy caught the descending stick with his hand.

Retaining a firm grip on the handle, Shimosa pressed a button in the wood and jerked the handle backward.

He pulled a long, slender sword from the cane, leaving the stick in Harry's hand.

With a look of fury on his yellow face, the Jap rushed at the boy with the sword drawn back, intending to run it through the young detective.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SECOND NEWSPAPER ARTICLE.

Harry saw his danger, and sprang back just as Shimosa lunged at him with the keen pointed steel.

The weapon pierced the boy's jacket, but fell short of his skin by less than half an inch.

A furious cry escaped the Japanese.

Before he had time to withdraw the sword cane and plunge it at the boy a second time, Harry knocked it aside.

At the same instant the young detective's fist shot out and caught Ito on the nose with terrific force.

Blood flew in all directions.

The Jap was knocked sprawling, exclaiming:

"Oh, my face!"

Jumping at him like a tiger, Harry tore the sword out of his hand, seized the handle and pushed the point into Ito's throat.

The Jap was frightened when the sharp point punctured his skin, and he raised a hand imploringly and groaned:

"Mersey!"

Old King Brady reached him by this time with a pair of handcuffs, and pulling the man's arms behind his back, he snapped the locks shut.

The fight attracted a crowd.

People came running to the spot from all directions to find out the cause of the excitement.

Among them was Tamba, the shop-keeper.

When he saw the two soldiers at his business partner he pushed his way through the crowd, with a dark frown on his brow, and demanded indignantly:

"What are you doing to my partner?"

"Arresting him," answered Harry.

"What right have you?"

"This man is a thief who held up a train in the tunnel in New York and robbed the express car of \$25,000."

"Impossible."

"Oh, we've got evidence enough to convict him. The money you thought he got as a legacy was in reality the result of a daring robbery. We are detectives and know all about it."

"Your call on me was a sham, then?"

"Certainly. We were looking for this villain."

"Well, if he is a thief," said Tamba, "I will aid you to convict him. I want no business relations with crooks."

"How can you aid us?"

"I've got ten thousand dollars of his money in the safe in the store. It may be part of the proceeds of the robbery. If it is I will willingly hand it over to you the moment you prove to me that it is some of the stolen money."

"As I've got the numbers of the stolen bills, I can identify the bank notes at once," briskly answered Harry.

"Come into the store now."

As they turned away Ito roared:

"Tamba, come back here."

"What for?" asked his partner coldly, looking back.

"Ain't you going to help me out of this trouble?"

"No!"

"Why not. Ain't I your countryman?"

"I don't care if you are, so long as you're a thief."

"Don't you dare to give up my money. If you do I shall kill you the moment I get out on bail."

"Oh, I'll use my own judgment on that point."

"Very well! You'll regret it, sir."

"Don't you believe it."

Shimosa swore and scowled at him furiously.

Old King Brady clung to the prisoner and a policeman joined him.

While he was explaining to the officer all that occurred, Young King Brady went into the store with Tamba.

Opening the safe, the Jap took out a bundle of money and

Harry drew a notebook from his pocket and sat down opposite the shop-keeper at a little table.

"I'll call off the numbers of the stolen bank notes," said Harry, opening his note book, "and you can see if the bills correspond with any of them."

"That's a fair test," assented Tamba.

"If your partner's money is numbered according to the numerals I have written in my book, you can feel pretty sure that it is part of the swag."

"Of course. Begin."

Harry began to call off the numbers.

Before he finished, every bank note before Tamba was found to agree with some of the numerals.

"Are you satisfied now?" laughed the boy.

"Perfectly," assented the Jap. "Here's the money."

"And I'll return it to the rightful owners."

"Where are the other fifteen thousand dollars?"

"John Potts has five."

"Well?"

"Arthur Gordon has five."

"Yes."

"And Jim Higby has five."

"Can't you find those men and recover it?"

"We are going to try."

"I hope you will succeed."

Harry now took the money and went out to join his partner and the prisoner.

"I've secured Ito's share of the money," laughed the boy.

"Good for you," returned his partner.

"Curse that traitor Tamba!" hissed Ito bitterly.

"Shall I lock this man up?" asked the policeman.

"By all means. We'll go with you. Then we shall get out extradition papers and take him back to New York."

They moved away.

Ito was imprisoned.

Next day, after the legal formalities had been complied with, the Bradys took their prisoner and the ten thousand dollars to New York.

None of the newspapers knew anything about the arrest and the Bradys marched their prisoner into the Globe office.

A dozen reporters gathered round curiously.

"Hello, Brady," cried one. "What have you got there?"

And he pointed at Ito.

"Prisoner," said Old King Brady quietly.

"What has he done?"

"Do you want to know?"

"Yes; of course. That's why I asked you."

"Then read the extra we are going to get out about him to-day," laughed the old detective.

"Ah! Something special, eh?"

"You bet."

They then took Ito into the editor's sanctum.

The old man gazed curiously at the prisoner.

"Who is this?" he queried.

"One of the express robbers," answered Harry.

"Indeed! Which one?"

"Ito Shimosa. Caught him in Philadelphia."

"Get any of the money?"

"Yes. There are \$10,000 in this parcel."

The editor almost sprang out of his chair with amazement.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "you fellows are full of surprises."

"Well," said Harry, impatiently, "ain't you going to utilize the news?"

The editor glared at him in great astonishment.

"Do you mean to say," he gasped, "that nobody knows about this arrest and the recovery of the money?"

"Not a newspaper has got it yet, sir."

"Thunder! Sit down here!"

"Yes, sir."

"Write up an extra."

"All right, sir."

"Fast as you write it give me your copy."

"What for?"

"I'll yell it up the speaking tube to the composing room and have it stuck right up in type. Begin with this episode telling how you came in here with the prisoner and the money, startling me. Then let your story follow."

"Very well, sir."

"But—say!"

"What now?"

"If we give this away in the paper and the rest of the gang see it, won't they take warning and hide?"

"Let them. We'll dig them out."

The editor laughed heartily.

"Well, you are a pair of reckless chaps," said he.

"It may make our work a little harder," said Harry, quietly; "but we ain't afraid of hard work."

The article was written, set up, and published, and soon after the Globe was being sold in the street with a full account of all that the Bradys had done.

CHAPTER XV.

A SHOT FROM A CAB.

"Inspector," said Old King Brady on the following day to the head of the detective service, "have you got track of Jim Higby?"

"The crook?" queried the Chief, looking up from his desk.

"Yes; that's the man."

"We always keep track of the movements of known guns."

"Where is Higby now?"

The Inspector referred to a note book.

Finally he replied:

"According to the last account, taken a week ago to-day, he left New York by rail for Washington."

"Did he arrive there?"

"We telegraphed the main office of the Secret Service in the Treasury building to watch out for him, and they finally notified us that Higby arrived and put up at the Arlington."

"Did he betray any special business object in going there?"

"None whatever. He seemed to be well supplied with money and evidently was bent upon attending the races. I of course don't know what became of him since then."

"That's enough for us."

"Are you after him?"

"Yes."

"For what?"

"The tunnel express robbery."

"I see. So he was mixed up in it, eh?"

"He and several others."

"Going south after him?"

"We are."

"I wish you good luck."

They thanked the Inspector and went down Mulberry street, intending to go home to get ready for the journey to the capital.

When they reached the corner of Grand street a cab came along and Harry happened to glance up at the vehicle.

A man sitting inside was gazing intently at them, and the boy caught his eye, just as he hurriedly drew back into obscurity.

"It's John Potts!" gasped the young detective.

"Where?" breathlessly asked his partner, flashing a quick glance around.

"In that cab?"

"Good!"

Just then there came a flash and a report from the carriage window, and a bullet went whistling between the two detectives, and buried itself in the woodwork of a store behind them.

"Potts is firing at us!" cried Harry.

"He's a mighty poor shot," Old King Brady answered coolly.

"Chase him!"

"See—he's hurrying his driver now."

The driver beat his horses with the whip.

Away galloped the animal to Broadway, the detectives running after it at the top of their speed.

When they reached Broadway they found that the vehicle had turned down that thoroughfare and was racing along at break-neck speed.

The Bradys followed it until they met a cab.

Engaging it to follow the other, they went tearing down Broadway in pursuit of the fugitive.

It was not long before Potts became aware that he was being pursued and urged his driver to go faster.

Along they raced rapidly.

It was easy to keep the conductor's cab in view, for it had yellow running gear and was of very peculiar construction.

When the flying cabs reached Fulton street the vehicle occupied by the Bradys had almost overtaken the one Potts rode in.

Unluckily for the detectives, however, an express wagon came flying recklessly around the corner before them.

The cab driver tried to pull up his sweating horse, and the express wagon flew around to avoid a collision.

This manœuvre nearly succeeded.

But the wagon wheel struck the cab wheel a heavy blow.

As the cab axle was weak, the wheel snapped off and the vehicle went down, and the express wagon raced away.

For the cab to go on crippled was not possible.

The Bradys were bumped by the fall.

But their disgust knew no bounds.

Leaping from the wrecked vehicle, they gave the driver a five-dollar bill, told him to keep the change, and glancing searchingly ahead, they just caught view of Potts' cab turning the corner into Cortlandt street.

"Heading for the North River," said Harry.

"There's no recourse except to foot it."

"I'm ready. We mustn't lose him."

"Run, then."

Away they rushed.

Reaching Cortlandt street they were just in time to catch one of the automobiles that run to the ferry.

Swinging themselves aboard, they were whirled away.

Down near the Pennsylvania railroad ferry they saw the cab in which Potts had been riding just turning away, and alighting, they ran over to it.

"Where did your fare go?" demanded Harry.

"Over the ferry, sir."

"When?"

"Just caught a boat, sir."

"Do you know where he's going?"

"No, sir. He didn't tell me."

The detectives rushed into the ferry-house.

At the ticket office Harry described Potts and asked:

"Do you recollect him being here less than five minutes ago?"

"I do," answered the ticket agent.

"Where did he go?"

"Bought a ticket for Baltimore."

"Thank you. Give us two for the same place."

The agent stamped two tickets, the detectives paid for them, rushed into the ferry-house, and were chagrined to find that the boat had gone two minutes previously.

As Potts was aboard, he had beaten them thus far.

There was no help for it, so they waited for the next boat and in the meantime consulted a time-table.

They hoped to overtake him on the Jersey side before the train for Baltimore pulled out of the depot.

Bad luck seemed to pursue them.

The time-table showed plainly that they were bound to miss the train for Baltimore by just a few moments.

It was discouraging.

However, they were relentless.

Both resolved not to turn back now.

Over the river went a ferryboat, carrying them with it, and they found that their gravest fears were realized.

The train was gone.

"We are beaten!" growled Old King Brady.

"Can't we telegraph ahead to have him stopped upon his arrival by the police?"

"That isn't a bad plan. We must do it."

A message was written out at the telegraph office, in which Potts was described, and a request made to detain him.

When it was sent an acknowledgment came back with the assurance that the Baltimore police would maintain a lookout for the conductor and hold him upon his arrival.

That relieved the Bradys' fears.

When they departed in the next train they felt more satisfied that the fugitive would not get away from them after all.

About five hours later they reached their destination and found several plain-clothes men hanging around the depot, with one of whom they were acquainted.

The Bradys were not disguised then and their acquaintance strode over to meet them, saying cheerily:

"Hello, Old King Brady! How are you, Harry?"

They shook hands with him and the old detective asked:

"What are you doing down here?"

"Sent by the chief to watch out for your game."

"Have you got him locked up?"

"No. He didn't arrive."

"What!" gasped the old detective in dismay.

"Not a sign of him."

"How peculiar."

"Oh, he may have gone on to Washington, or he might have doubled on his tracks, knowing you were chasing him."

The Bradys were disgusted.

"Well," said the old detective finally, "you had better remain here a while longer to see if he follows us, and we'll go to headquarters to see the Chief."

"Very well. If we nab him you'll hear of it."

And the Bradys left the depot in deep chagrin.

CHAPTER XVI.

A DOUBLE ARREST.

On the following morning while the Bradys were at breakfast in their hotel in Baltimore, a telegram came in for them.

It was from the Chief of the Secret Service in Washington, with whom they had been in communication about their troubles.

The message was brief and said in substance:

"Higby was joined last night by a man whose description fits Potts. Come on at once to verify."

A glad smile chased the gloomy expression from their faces, and as they hurriedly finished eating, Harry remarked:

"This looks like a change for the better in our luck."

"If it's Potts, he must have gone right through to Washington."

They departed by the next train.

In a short time they reached Washington.

Seeking the Chief of the Secret Service, they had a long, earnest conversation with him, and then made their way to the aristocratic Arlington hotel.

As Higby had changed his name, Harry said to the clerk:

"Have you a guest here named Harris?"

"We have," assented the clerk.

"Is he in?"

"Yes. Up in his room."

"Alone?"

"No. A friend of his arrived here yesterday from New York and his name is Potter. Mr. Harris and Mr. Potter are at this moment consuming large quantities of champagne in the former gentleman's room, if I'm to judge by the number of checks the waiters are giving me."

"Well," said Harry, exhibiting his badge, "we are a couple of Secret Service officers and they are a couple of crooks, and we are very anxious to arrest them."

The clerk looked horrified.

"What!" he gasped. "Crooks?"

"Exactly."

"Here—in the Arlington."

"Apparently."

"For mercy's sake take them out."

"The guests here would be disgusted."

"Don't make a fuss. Don't let on what they are."

"We will try to keep it dark, sir."

"Do, and you'll have my everlasting gratitude."

"What room are they in?"

"No. 77."

"Send a hall-boy up with us."

"Front!" cried the clerk, tapping a hand bell.

"Yassah!" answered a colored boy in uniform, approaching.

"Conduct these gentlemen up to No. 77."

"But the gemmon say day don't want to be 'sturbed, sah."

"Never mind what they said. Do as I bid you!"

"Yassah!"

And away went the boy with the detectives.

Going up in an elevator, the boy led them toward a door.

"See here," said Harry to the boy, slipping a quarter into his hand, "the gentlemen in that room are great friends of ours, and we want to take them completely by surprise."

"Yassah," replied the boy.

"We want you to knock, and when they answer, pretend that you've got some wine for them. But don't let on that we are with you, or you'll spoil our plan."

"I understand, sah."

"Now go ahead, and be very careful."

The boy rapped for admittance.

"Who's there?" roared a muffled voice in the room.

"Rastus, de hallboy, sah," answered the young coon.

"What do you want?"

"Got some wine fo' yo', sah."

"I don't remember orderin' any, but guess it's all right. Wait a moment, and I'll let you in, sonny."

"Yassah."

A key was turned in the lock, the door flew open, and the big, heavy figure of Jim Higby appeared on the threshold.

His bloated face was red, his eyes blood-shot, and he rocked unsteadily on his legs as if he were half drunk.

No sooner had he made his appearance than Old King Brady rushed forward, clutched him by the throat, backed him up against the wall and pinned him there.

John Potts was in the room.

He gave a cry of alarm and bounded to his feet.

"What's the row?" he muttered.

Just then Harry rushed in, ran straight at him, and the next moment they were locked in a tight embrace and were struggling on the floor.

Both men had been drinking heavily.

But this impetuous attack partially sobered them.

Realizing who their assailants were, the two crooks fought with the fury of utter desperation.

Both knew that a term in prison stared them in their faces the moment the detectives captured them.

And they were determined not to submit to arrest if there was any virtue in resistance.

For several moments there was an awful fight going on, for Higby had grappled Old King Brady and was giving him a hard tussle, despite his enormous strength.

As Higby and Potts were half intoxicated, their spasmodic effort to resist the officers quickly died out, and they were pinned down on the floor, weak, panting, sweating, and exhausted.

"Will you give in now?" demanded Harry.

"Don't kill me," pleaded Potts faintly.

"Roll over on your face."

"All right," said the conductor, and over he went.

It was a very easy task to secure him, and Old King Brady with still less formality made a prisoner of Higby.

Despite the fierceness of the battle, none of the other guests in the hotel were disturbed by the fight.

The Bradys arose and helped their prisoners up.

"We are going to take you fellows right back to New York," announced Harry, "and if you wish to save yourselves a great deal of trouble, you will come along without any fuss."

"What's the charge?" asked Potts in alarm.

"Simply for holding up that New York Central express car."

"But how about the murder of the messenger?"

"We know your gang ain't responsible for that."

"Thank heaven!"

"Why do you say that?"

"All of us feared we'd be charged with the crime."

"You deny it, do you?" asked Harry, eyeing him sharply.

"Most decidedly!" declared Potts.

There was something so absolutely convincing in the way the conductor made this assertion that the lingering suspicion the Bradys had of his guilt was all dispelled.

Both were convinced that the man was guiltless of the murder, but it left them in the dark entirely.

They did not know who to blame for the deed now, and it made them feel very despondent.

They said no more to the prisoners, but took them downstairs, entered a carriage, were driven to the depot, and started for New York.

It was nightfall when they reached the metropolis and put their two prisoners in jail.

Then they hurried down to the newspaper office and gave the editor two columns for the morning edition of the *Globe*, graphically describing the capture of Potts and Higby and the recovery of nine thousand dollars more of the money stolen from the express car.

"Only one more of the gang remains at large now," said Harry, when they were ready to go home. "That's Arthur Gordon, the swell who went somewhere to the north."

"How are you going to find him?" queried the editor curiously.

"We don't know yet. But we are bound to locate him. If he is a broker, he's a speculator and is most likely to be found where games of chance are going on. This might be either in the stock market, or at some gambling joint. As he fears pursuit and arrest, I believe we will find him among the gamblers of the dives in some city north of here."

"That's a good deduction and a fair start."

"It now remains for us to find the city to which he went."

"Where would there be apt to be the most gambling?"

"Chicago or Boston."

"Then why not try the latter city first, as it is the nearest. If you fail to find him there you could go on to Chicago," suggested the editor, earnestly.

"We shall try the experiment."

On the following day they made an effort to learn from their prisoners where Gordon had gone.

As they did not know, the detectives set out for Boston.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LAST OF THE BAND.

Next night at ten o'clock the Bradys, attired in dress suits, walked into the magnificent parlors of the Statue Club, in Boston.

It was one of the finest gambling dens in the city, and its brilliantly illuminated parlors were thronged with men of all walks of life addicted to games of chance.

One room was devoted to a faro bank, another was used by card players, and still others were reserved for other gambling devices of various sorts.

The peculiar feature of this "Club" was that each game had a separate room reserved for it.

It avoided confusion.

The detectives wore mustaches and wigs, and Old King Brady affected a pair of eyeglasses.

They assumed the easy, careless air of old habitués of the den, and puffing at their choice cigars, they wandered from one room to another, watching the games of chance and scrutinizing the players.

By the time they had made a round of all the rooms they saw absolutely nothing of the man they sought.

But that did not discourage them.

Neither of them expected to find Gordon at once.

Had they done so, they would have been amazed.

As they paused in the card-room, Harry said:

"Do you recollect our conversation with Stephen Moore, the Central Office detective, in the Grand Central depot?"

"Distinctly," answered Old King Brady.

"Then you remember that he said he had seen a gambler named Dave Lewis in this club lose all his money to Ned Ripley, the express messenger?"

"Yes."

"I wonder if Lewis is here?"

"What good would it do to see him?"

"Not much. Still, he might give us some information that might throw some light on the mystery of Ripley's death."

"I wouldn't say too much to the gambler about it until we have secured Gordon and put him behind the bars."

"No. But we might spot the man. He frequents this place, and it therefore should be an easy matter for us to get some one to point the gambler out to us."

"You might ask one of those negro porters."

Old King Brady pointed at a couple of darkies who were standing by the main entrance.

As Harry glanced over at them he saw a tall, finely-clad man with a clean-shaven face come into the room.

He had on an evening dress suit, with a white vest, a big diamond blazed in his immaculate shirt bosom, there was a silk hat on his head, and he wore a black-caped coat.

As he advanced into the room, Harry grasped his partner's arm, gave it a squeeze, and whispered:

"By Jove, he is Gordon."

"What! Yes! So it is."

"His mustache being shaved off alters his face a lot."

"It does, indeed."

"There he goes over to that big man with the fierce black mustache and curly hair. Hark!"

Gordon smiled at the man and extended his gloved hand.

"Hello, Dave Lewis," said he, shaking hands with the big gambler. "I'm glad to see you."

"Why, Arthur, you here? How are you, old pal? Did you come down to buck the tiger?"

"Yes. I've got a few dollars to burn."

"What are you going to play?"

"I was thinking of opening a jack-pot of poker."

Lewis gave a slight start and turned pale.

For a moment he was deeply agitated, and then he growled:

"No! None of that for me."

"Why not?" asked Gordon in surprise. "Busted?"

"Oh, no. I've got a few hundred. But I've got a mortal

horror of that game. The last time I played it was against a man who had once won every dollar I had. I swore I'd get even with him some day, and I awaited my chance, and met him again. He was a railroad man—an express messenger."

"Indeed!" said Gordon with a nervous start, and a quick, keen look at his companion.

Lewis was greatly excited.

He lit a strong cigar, and continued:

"The party I referred to had no time to remain here and give me a game for satisfaction. It made me desperate, for I was dead anxious to play him another game for revenge and win back the money he got from me. Besides, he had a large sum in his clothes which he had just won from some other gambler, and I was dead anxious to get it away from him. He was a game player, though. Finding that he could not remain here in Boston to play me, I made him a proposition, saying: 'If you'll smuggle me into your express car, I'll play you a game during the trip from Boston to New York.' He accepted on the spot with great eagerness, for he was a fiend after cards, and he got me into his car without being seen, and we were locked in. The train started, and through the night we played on top of a trunk by the light of a lantern. And, by heavens, he won every dollar I had again, and left me as poor as a pauper the second time."

"How aggravating!" exclaimed Gordon.

"It was fearful. We played jack-pots," said Lewis, "and from that time to this I have sworn never to play that infernal game again with anybody."

"So that's why you had such an aversion to the game, eh?"

"That's it exactly. That game is a hoodoo to me."

"I see. Then suppose we play a game of straight poker?"

"That will suit me better, Arthur."

"Here's a vacant table. Sit down."

They seated themselves, and the Bradys strolled over and Harry asked:

"Can we get into the game, gentlemen?"

"Certainly; sit down," said Lewis. "It will be a stiff game, sir."

"What's the limit?"

"None—ten dollars a corner."

"Very well. Here comes a porter with cards and chips."

Lewis bought one hundred dollars' worth of chips, and then began to shuffle a deck of cards, while the negro was selling some chips to Gordon.

The latter pulled a big roll of bank notes from his pocket, stripped off a one hundred dollar bill, laid it on the green baize, and the Bradys glanced at the bill.

It bore the number of one of the bank notes stolen from the express car, and Harry picked it up.

"That's mine!" said Gordon.

"Where did you get it?" asked the boy.

"That's my business, young fellow."

"Isn't it part of the \$25,000 stolen from an express car?"

Gordon's face underwent a sudden change of expression and he sprang to his feet excitedly.

"What do you mean?" he roared.

"Just what I say!" replied the boy, coolly.

"Do you accuse me of being a thief?"

"Yes. One of Ito Shimosa's gang!"

This was the worst shock of all.

Gordon's face was ghastly and he trembled like an aspen.

Glaring balefully at the detectives, he asked in faint, strained tones:

"Who are you fellows, anyway?"

"The Bradys," quietly answered the boy. "Secret Service men. We are figuring as reporters on the New York Globe, and have thus far put John Potts, Ito Shimosa and Jim Higby under arrest. You are the last of the band."

Gordon looked as if he wanted to run away.

But he had sense enough to foresee the uselessness of such a move, and made an effort to calm himself.

A cold sweat broke out all over him.

"I'm cornered!" he muttered, hopelessly.

"How much money have you got left out of the \$5,000 Ito gave you?" queried Young King Brady.

"About forty-five hundred dollars," replied Gordon.

"Hand it to me."

The thief complied reluctantly, and Harry pocketed it.

"Now," said the young detective, "you'll have to come with me."

"Don't disgrace me by handcuffing me," said Gordon.

"I won't if you give me your word as a gentleman to behave."

"I swear to you I'll do what's right."

"Very well. I'll take you away in a cab."

"Thank you for your consideration. Good-by, Dave."

"Good-by," replied the gambler.

Harry led his prisoner from the place, and Old King Brady turned to Lewis and said to him:

"I've got something very serious to say to you, Dave Lewis, and I want you to listen to me attentively."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

Dave Lewis glanced at Old King Brady with a look of nervous apprehension in his dark eyes, and demanded, uneasily:

"What is it you've got to say to me, Mr. Brady?"

"At the time Arthur Gordon came into this room," said the old detective, "you told him of a certain aversion you had to playing jack-pots, when he proposed a game of poker to you. My partner and I stood close by and overheard every word you uttered."

The gambler's face turned white.

The uneasy look in his eyes intensified.

It was evident that he was getting very nervous.

"Well," he demanded, in hoarse, strained tones. "What of it?"

"You told Gordon the reason you hated that game," the old detective continued, as he got a grip on the handle of a revolver in his hip pocket. "You explained a railroad trip at night you had with an express messenger, during which you played cards with him while locked up in his car."

"Yes," assented Lewis, with an effort.

"But you omitted some important particulars."

"To what do you allude, Brady?"

"First, the messenger's name."

"I didn't care to mention it."

"Shall I do so for you?"

"Oh, you don't know the man."

"Yes I do. It was Ned Ripley!"

The gambler gave a stifled cry.

"You're a demon!" he hissed in accents of alarm.

"I ain't. Another point you omitted to mention was that a gang of thieves blew open the car and the safe in the Park avenue tunnel, and stole a parcel containing \$25,000 while you probably hid behind the express parcels."

"Good Lord!" muttered Lewis.

"Still another point was that when the thieves were gone you saw Ripley lying senseless on the floor and made up your mind to take from him the money he won from you and the money he had of his own, which you greedily coveted."

Lewis's eyes were glassy and his breath came in gasps.

Old King Brady, cold, calculating and determined, bent nearer to him, and continued in harsh, metallic tones:

"You stole the messenger's money and he revived. You probably were afraid of an attack or arrest, and picking up his pistol, you shot him as he stood near the safe. He fell dead and you leaped from the car, sped away through the tunnel unseen, and made your way back to Boston. Dave Lewis—you are the murderer of Ned Ripley!"

A yell burst from the gambler's lips.

"You are a devil!" he howled. "I am going to kill you."

He flashed out a pistol, but Old King Brady acted quicker than he did, and had him covered in an instant.

"Drop that gun!" he commanded sternly. "I've got you dead to rights, Lewis. You'll go to the chair for that crime!"

"No I won't," replied the gambler. "I'll admit that you guessed the truth about that murder. There's no use denying it. You must have some evidence or you wouldn't accuse me so accurately. I am going to try to put you out. If I fail, I'll——"

As he spoke, he fired at Old King Brady.

The ball missed its mark.

All the gamblers in the room rushed out.

Quick as a flash Old King Brady fired back and Lewis fell to the floor, uttering a hollow groan as the bullet shattered his knee, rendering him helpless to run away.

He was desperate.

Seeing Old King Brady coming toward him he rose on his elbow and pressed his revolver against his forehead, in-

tending to commit suicide. But the old detective observed his action.

Taking aim, he fired again.

The second shot hit Lewis's pistol and knocked it out of his hand.

In an instant more the detective pounced on him and he was secured with a pair of handcuffs.

An ambulance was summoned and his wound was attended to, after which he was brought to jail.

On the following day Gordon and Lewis were taken to New York, and the Globe received its last article from the Bradys, which covered the closing chapter of the case.

The detectives each received five thousand dollars.

After that Potts, Shimosa, Gordon and Higby were sent to prison for robbing the express car, and the Bradys turned over to the Produce Exchange Bank \$23,500 of the stolen money which they recovered.

Dave Lewis was put on trial for the murder of Ned Ripley, and no one was happier than old Mrs. Ripley when she heard that the gambler was convicted of murder in the first degree.

It is safe to say that he paid the penalty of his crime.

As the Bradys had fathomed the mystery that baffled all the best detective talent in New York, they were warmly commended.

But they cared nothing for praise.

They simply wished to do their duty.

Having disposed of their work for the newspaper, they now turned their attention to other matters, and in due time were busy upon another important case.

Our next number will give the details.

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS AND THE LOST RANCHE; OR, THE STRANGE CASE IN TEXAS," which will be the next number (144) of "Secret Service."

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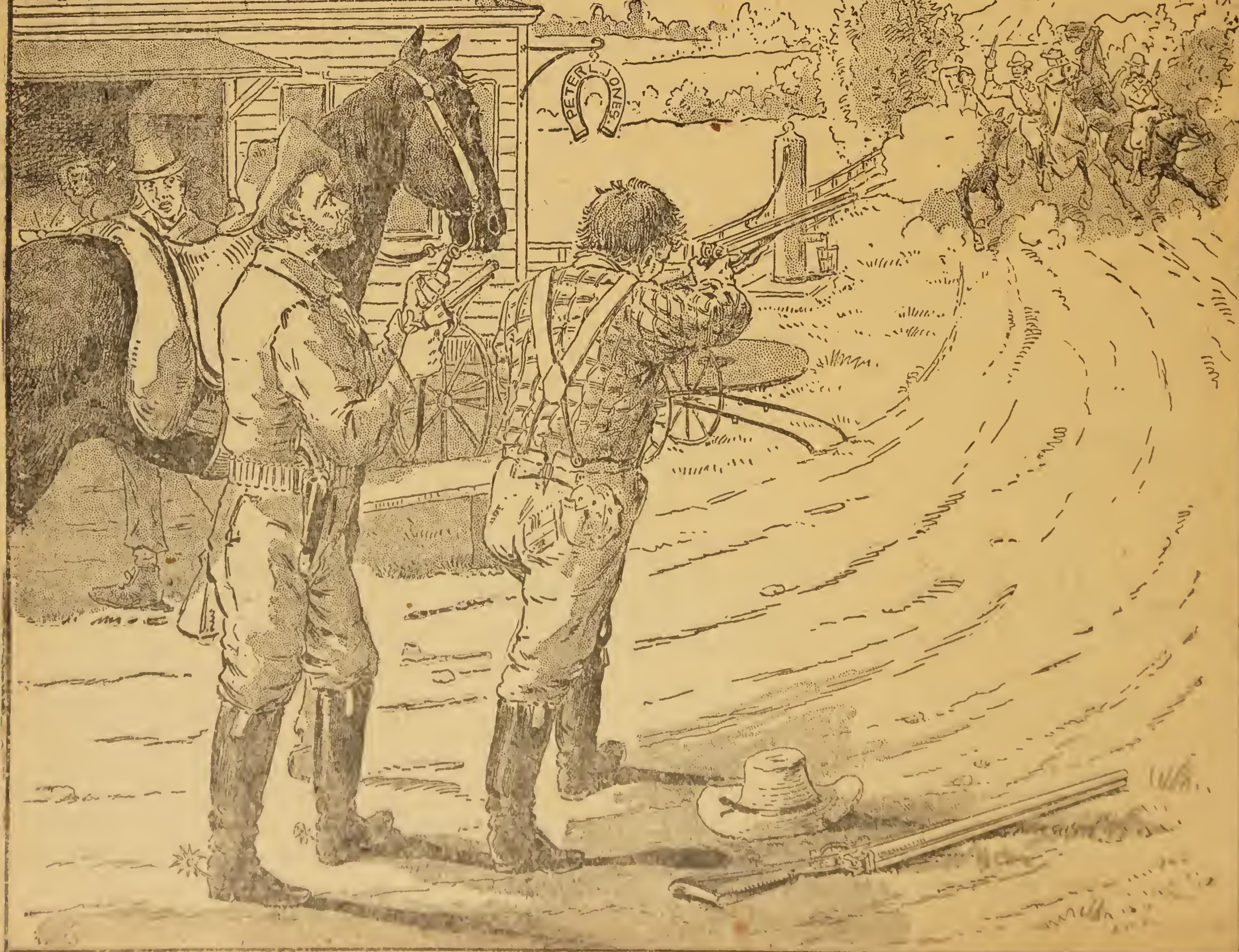
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